

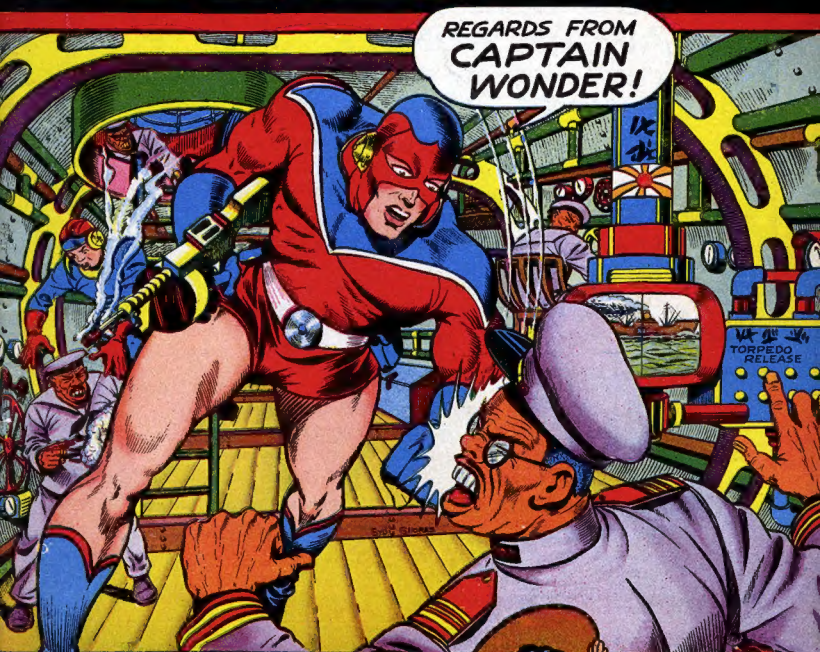
KID

KOMICS

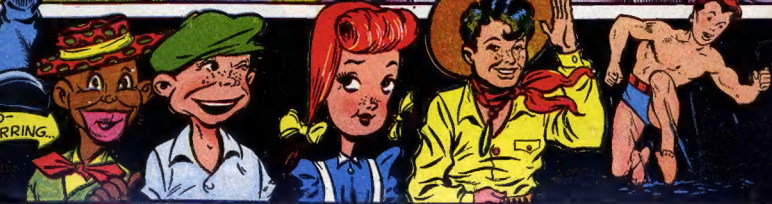
NO.
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10c • FEBRUARY

REGARDS FROM
CAPTAIN
WONDER!



CO-
STARRING



• WHITEWASH •

• KNUCKLES •

• TRIXIE TROUBLE •

• PINTO PETE •

• SUBBIE •

KID KOMICS

STAN LEE

EDITORIAL AND ART DIRECTOR

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KID KOMICS is published bi-monthly at Meriden, Conn., by U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp. Application for second class entry is pending at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. 1, No. 1, Feb. 1943 issue. Contents copyright 1942 by U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., Martin Goodman, Pres., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. Yearly subscription, \$6.00 in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A.

CAPTAIN WONDER

ALL RIGHT, YOU SCURVY DOGS, YOUR REIGN OF TERROR IS PAST! YOU MAY HAVE BEEN FEARFUL MENACES TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE BUT NOW YOU DRESS OF THE UNDERWORLD HAVE MET YOUR MATCH...NOW FEEL THE WRATH OF CAPTAIN WONDER!

AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, MISTER DEATH!

AWWR!
SAVE US,
CAPTAIN
WONDER!

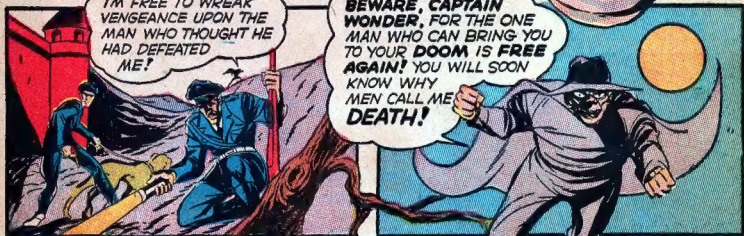


THE HOWLING OF THE ICY WINDS, AND THE PITCH BLACK OF THE STYGIAN NIGHT MAKE NO IMPRESSION UPON THE GAUNT FIGURE WHO STANDS UPON THE HILL, LOOKING DOWN AT PENTMORE PRISON---

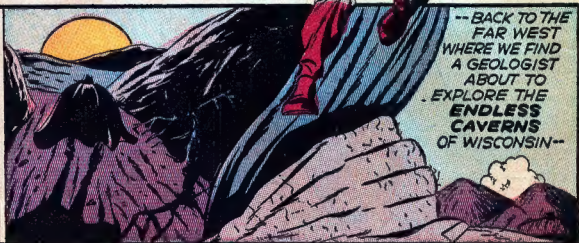


I'M FREE TO WREAK VENGEANCE UPON THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE HAD DEFEATED ME!

BEWARE, CAPTAIN WONDER, FOR THE ONE MAN WHO CAN BRING YOU TO YOUR DOOM IS FREE AGAIN! YOU WILL SOON KNOW WHY MEN CALL ME DEATH!



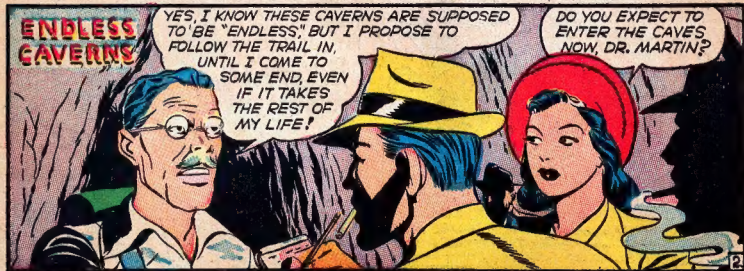
WHO IS THIS GHASTLY BEING STALKING IN THE NIGHT ON A TRAIL OF DOOM? LET US TURN BACK THE CALENDAR A FEW MONTHS AND SPEED BACK INTO THE MYSTERIOUS PAST!---



ENDLESS CAVERNS

YES, I KNOW THESE CAVERNS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE "ENDLESS," BUT I PROPOSE TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL IN, UNTIL I COME TO SOME END, EVEN IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE!

DO YOU EXPECT TO ENTER THE CAVES NOW, DR. MARTIN?



MONTHS LATER...

EXTRY!

FOR THE DAILY SCOOP
**DR. MARTIN FAILS TO
RETURN FROM CAVERNS!
ENTERED CAVE
MONTHS AGO!**

DAYS
LATER...

WELL, BOB-- BY
THIS TIME, DR. MARTIN
MUST BE PRESUMED
LOST!

**YEAH! THERE'S
NO POINT IN
STANDING GUARD
HERE ANY
LONGER!**

BOB, LOOK!

**HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S DR. MARTIN!**

**QUICK!-- DYNAMITE THE CAVE!
DEATH INSIDE! ---DON'T LET
HIM OUT--- GASP--- HORRIBLE
TOO LATE--- UGH---**

**DEAD--POOR
GUY!**

**WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED IN
THE CAVERNS?
DIDJA HEAR WHAT
HE SAID? MUSTA
BEEN DELIRIOUS!**

**NO, FOOLS, NOT
DELIRIOUS!**

**ONCE AGAIN, YOUR WORLD
SHALL FEEL MY POWER--AND
YOU TWO MORTALS SHALL
HAVE THE HONOR OF
BEING THE
FIRST!
NOW DIE!**

**NO--NO--YOU--
CA---OHNN!**

**BUT SUDDENLY, AN AWESOME FIGURE STALKS
OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS CAVERNS! THE
... GRIM FIGURE OF DEATH!**

AND SO THE WORST SCOURGE OF OUR TIME IS FREED FROM HIS AGE-OLD PRISON BECAUSE OF THE FATAL MISTAKE OF A SCIENTIST WHO DARED EXPLORE THAT WHICH NO MAN HAD EVER SEEN!

NOW, NOW SHALL MEN FEEL THE SCOURGE OF DEATH!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, MILES AWAY, A SCENE IS TAKING PLACE WHICH IS ALSO DESTINED TO CHANGE THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE WORLD! LET US TURN TO A SCHOOL YARD IN NEW YORK CITY...

GIT HIM, SKINNY!

THROW IT, YA SAPS!

COME ON, FELLAS! WE'LL BEAT 'EM YET!

OUCH! MY ANKLE!

I GUESS YOU'LL HAFTA GET SOME ONE ELSE, TIMMIE-- I WRENCHED MY FOOT!

O.K. JACKIE, I'M SORRY-- HMM, WHO CAN WE GET? ALL THE GUYS ARE PLAYING!

HEY, JACKIE, LET'S HAVE SOME FUN-- WE'LL ASK PROFESSOR JORDAN TO PLAY WITH US!

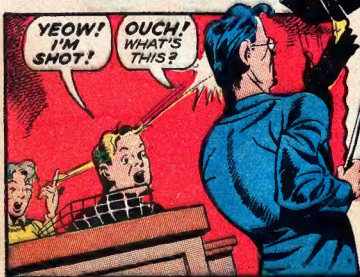
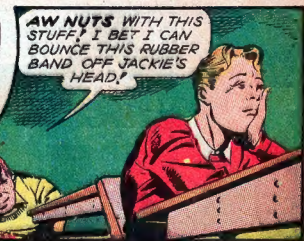
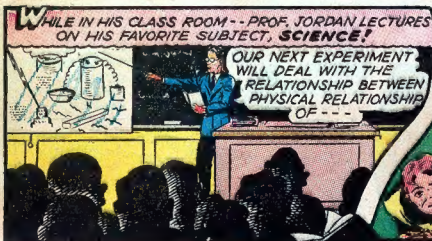
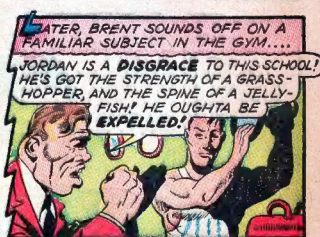
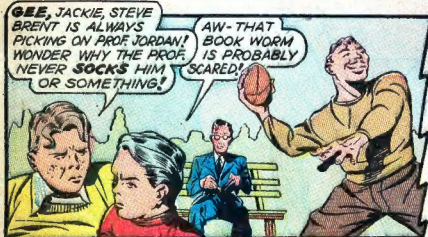
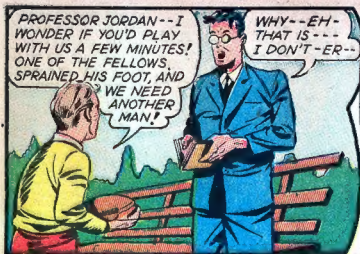
OOOPS! GOLLY, PROFESSOR JORDAN, I'M SORRY, THE BALL --ER-- SLIPPED!

HA, HA, HA!

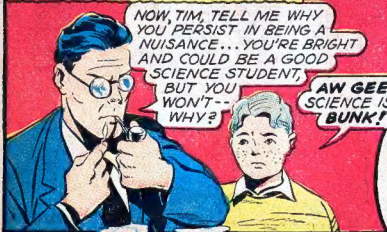
OUCH! MY HEAD!

WHAT-- TH...!

AT THAT MOMENT, STEVE BRENT, TOUGH-AS-NAILS GYM TEACHER PASSES BY, AND...



AND SO, AFTER CLASS THAT DAY...



NOW, TIM, TELL ME WHY YOU PERSIST IN BEING A NUISANCE... YOU'RE BRIGHT AND COULD BE A GOOD SCIENCE STUDENT, BUT YOU WON'T-- WHY?

AW GEE! SCIENCE IS THE BUNK!

F'INSTANCE, YOU KNOW MR. BRENT STILL MAKES FUN OF YOU --- AND IS A BETTER ATHLETE THAN YOU -- BUT STILL ALL YOUR SCIENCE CAN'T MAKE YOU LICK HIM AT ANYTHING!

HMM!-SO THAT'S IT!



AND YET, TIM, MUSCLES MEAN SO LITTLE! WHY, IN THIS FLUID THERE IS MORE POWER THAN IN A DOZEN MEN... I JUST DISCOVERED IT!



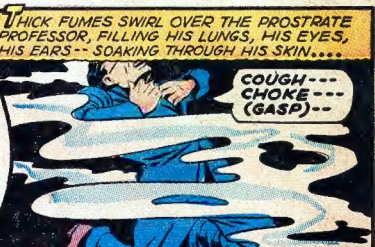
GEE! WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH IT?

I DON'T KNOW YET-- I CALL IT THE WONDER FLUID... OOPS! IT SLIPPED!



LOOK OUT, TIM! IT'S EXPLOSIVE-- UGH!

WATCH OUT, PROFESSOR!-- THOSE FUMES!



THICK FUMES SWIRL OVER THE PROSTRATE PROFESSOR, FILLING HIS LUNGS, HIS EYES, HIS EARS-- SOAKING THROUGH HIS SKIN....

COUGH--- CHOKES--- (GASP)---



QUICK THINKING SENDS TIM SCURRYING AROUND THE ROOM, OPENING THE WINDOWS, AND LETTING THE FUMES OUT.....



SECONDS LATER... HOW DO YOU FEEL, PROFESSOR? I MUST SAY, THAT COMPOUND WAS STRONG!

AND AS PROFESSOR JORDAN REGAINS HIS FEET...



WHY--I--I--FEEL
POWERFUL!

GULP!
PROFESSOR,
YOU'VE CHANGED!



HMMM!--I UNDERSTAND
WHAT HAPPENED--
MY BLOOD STREAM
HAS ABSORBED THE
WONDER FLUID!



WHY---WHY---YOU
LIFTED ME WITH YOUR
LITTLE FINGER AS
EASY AS PIE!

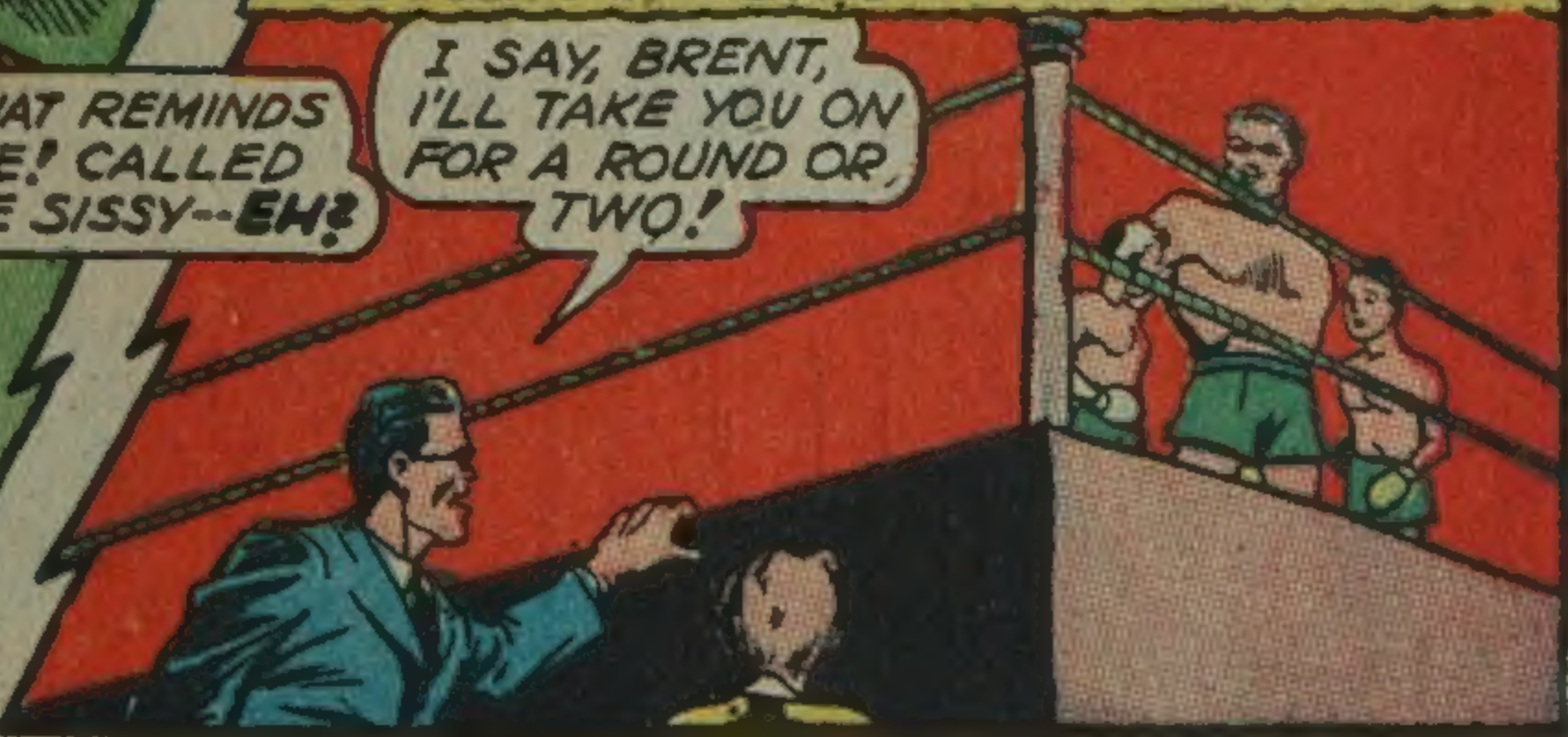
YES! I HAVE THE
WONDER FLUID IN
MY VEINS! I HAVE
THE STRENGTH OF
TEN MEN!



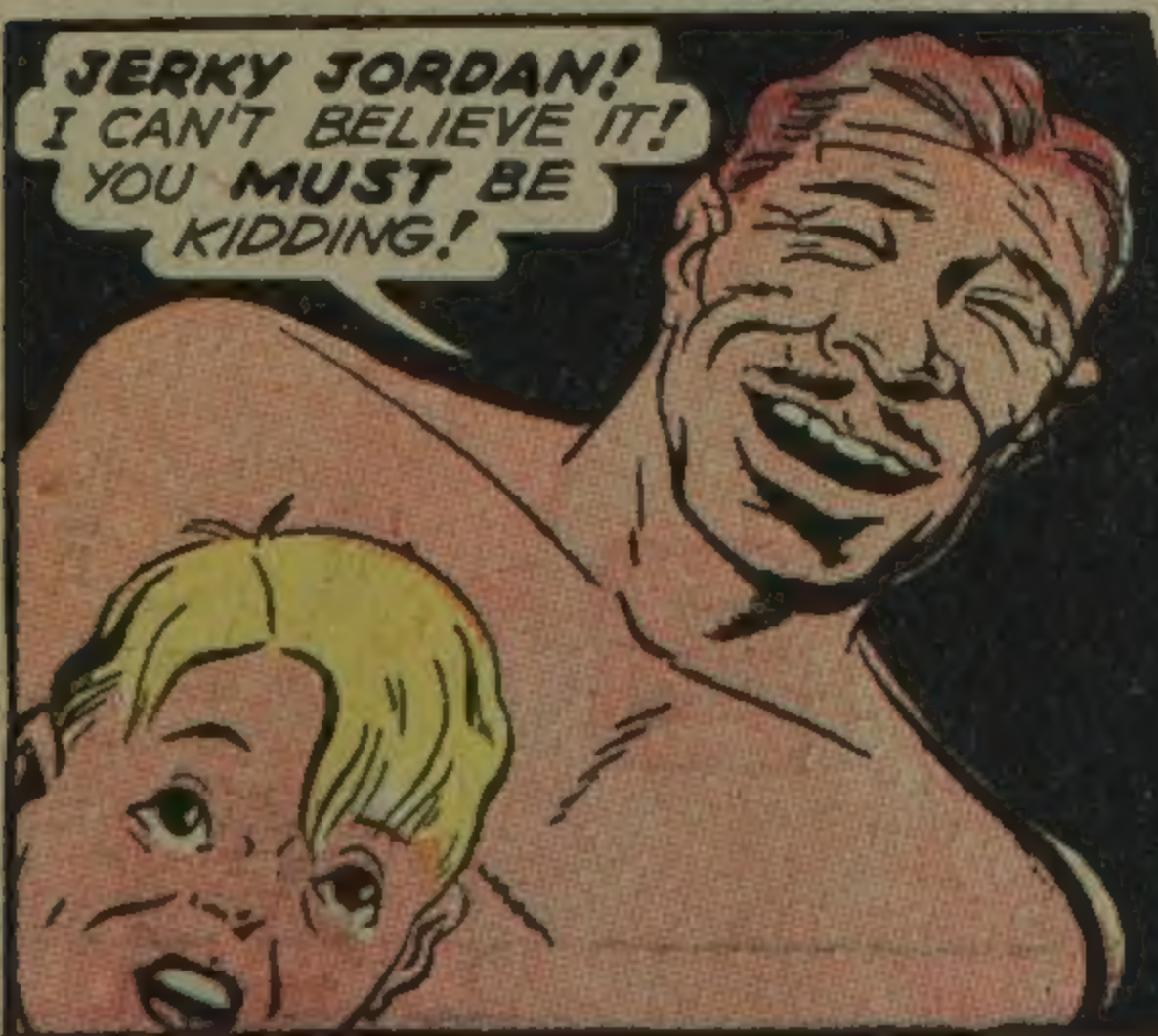
GEE, I'LL BET
YOU'RE STRONGER
THAN MR. BRENT,
THE GYM INSTRUCTOR,
NOW!

THAT REMINDS
ME! CALLED
ME SISSY--EH?

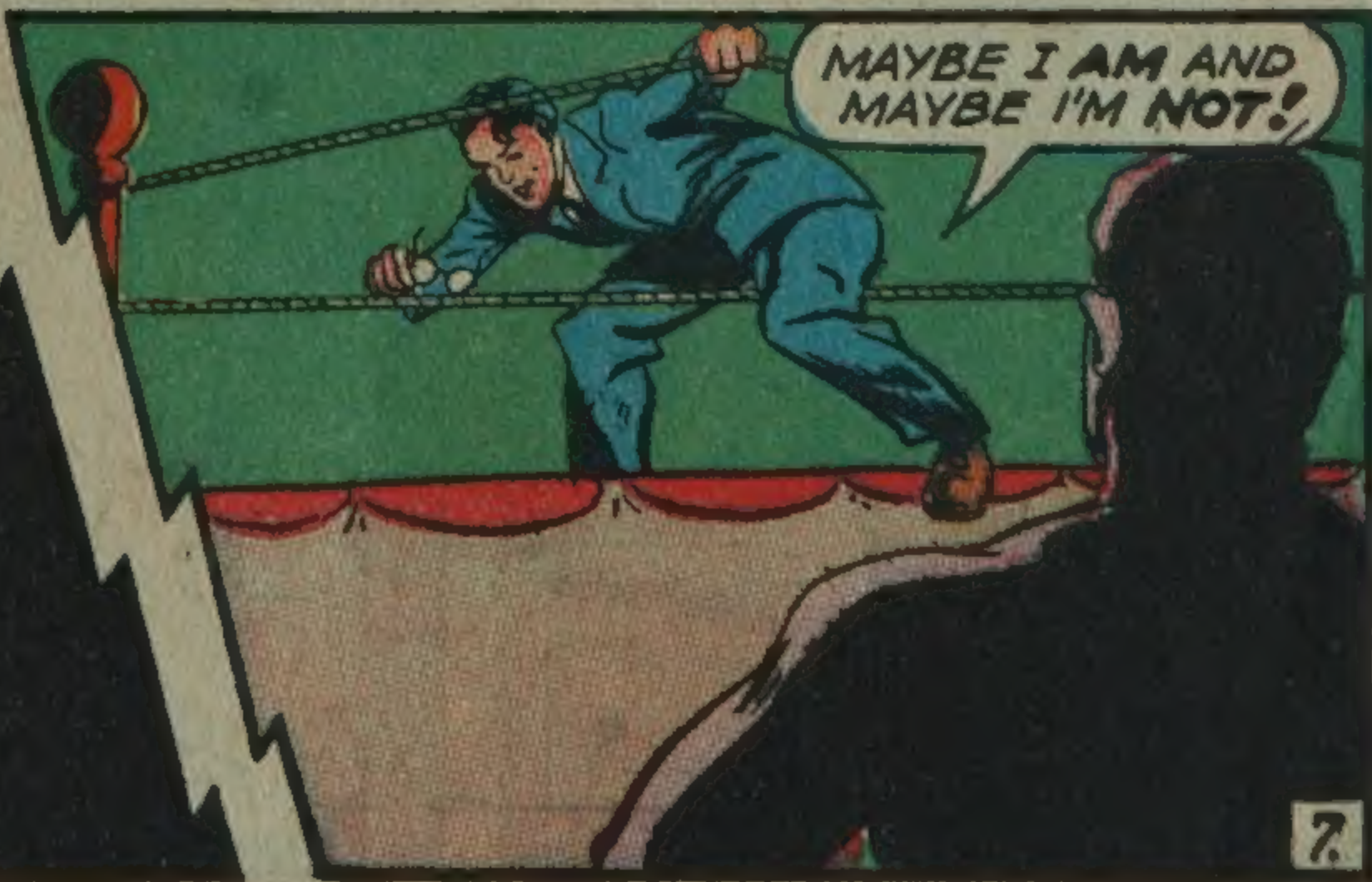
AT THE GYM---STEVE BRENT IS GIVING
LESSONS IN BOXING TO HIS CLASS---



I SAY, BRENT,
I'LL TAKE YOU ON
FOR A ROUND OR
TWO!



JERKY JORDAN!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
YOU **MUST BE**
KIDDING!

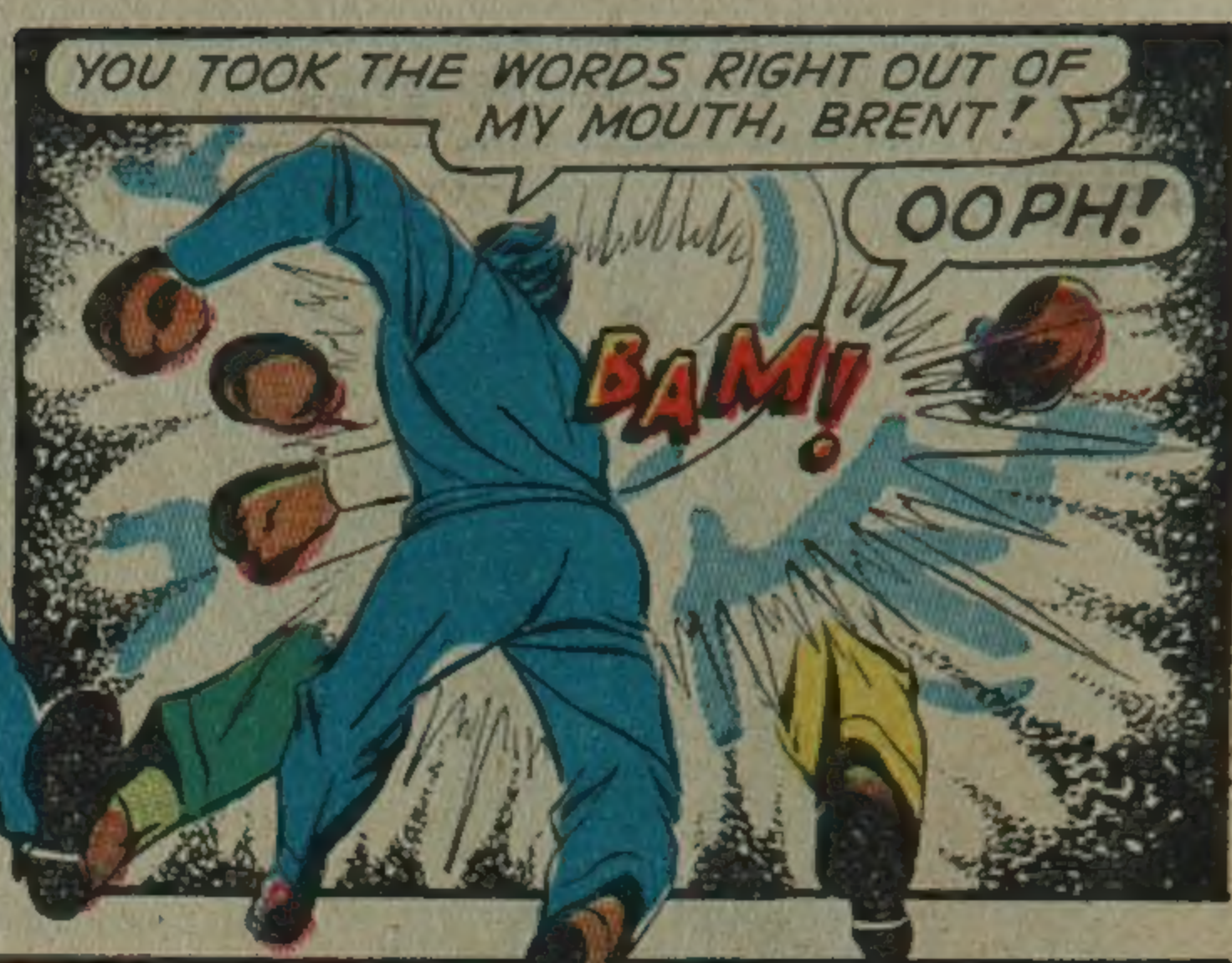


MAYBE I AM AND
MAYBE I'M NOT!



JORDAN PUTS ON THE GLOVES AND ----

I WON'T HURT YOU--MUCH!



YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH, BRENT!

OOPH!

BAM!



IT WAS ALL A DREAM!

GOLLY! WAS THAT PROFESSOR JORDAN OR SOMEBODY ELSE?



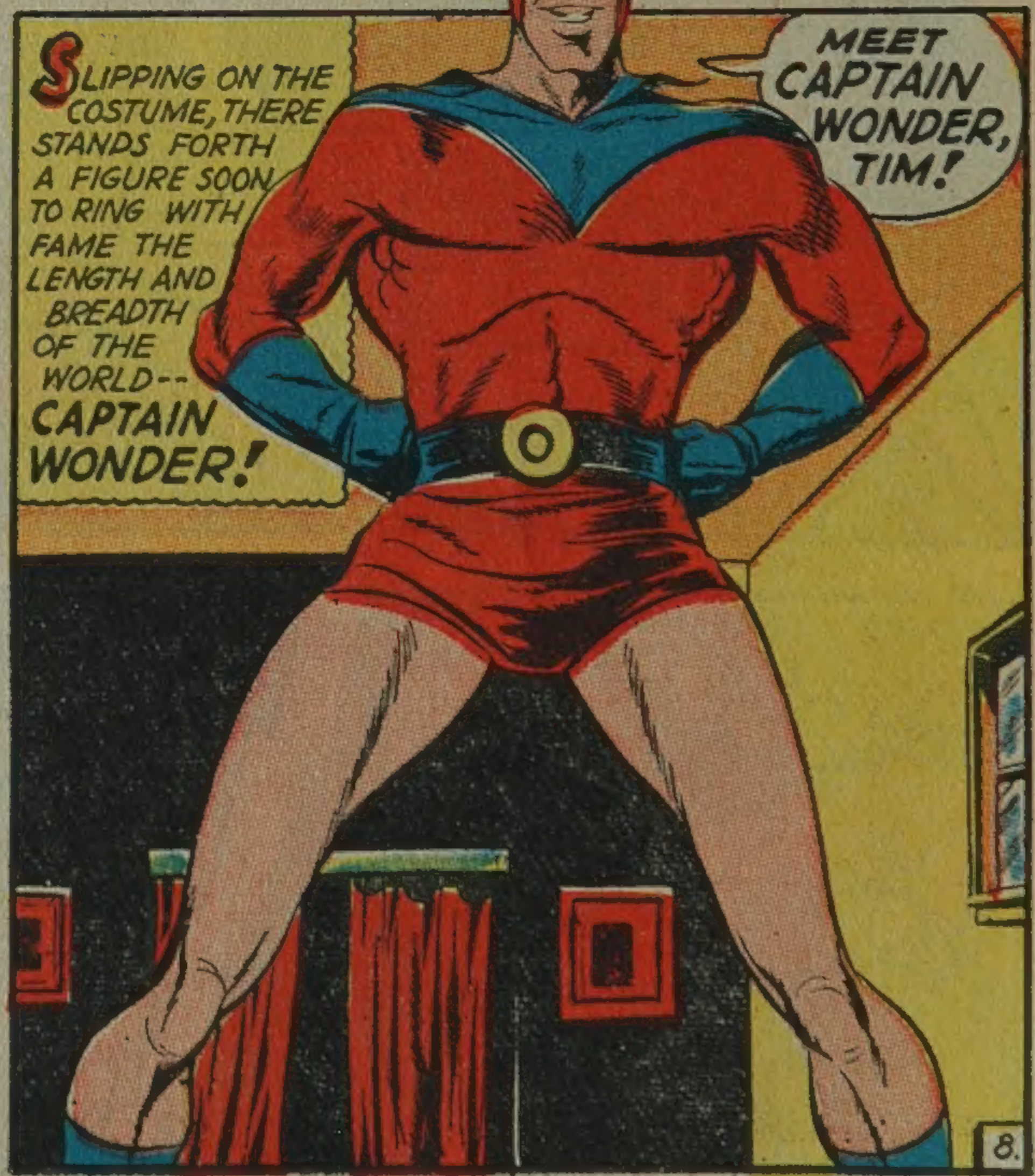
THEY RETURN QUICKLY TO THE LABORATORY...

I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, TIM! I HAVE TO KEEP THIS A SECRET! YOU SEE, I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON THAT **WONDER FLUID** FOR MONTHS!! I PLANNED TO MAKE MYSELF A MAN OF **STRENGTH!**

YOU PLANNED IT, WHY?



THERE IS MUCH EVIL IN THE WORLD TODAY, TIM! EVIL AND CRIME THAT NEED **STAMPING OUT!** I EVEN MADE MYSELF A COSTUME... NOW IS THE TIME TO PUT IT ON!



SLIPPING ON THE COSTUME, THERE STANDS FORTH A FIGURE SOON TO RING WITH FAME THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE WORLD--**CAPTAIN WONDER!**

MEET **CAPTAIN WONDER, TIM!**

ONE EVENING SOME TIME LATER....

THIS IS THE NEIGHBORHOOD I'VE BEEN WANTING TO INVESTIGATE! WHERE MEN HAVE BEEN FOUND DEAD... AS THO' THERE'S BEEN A PLAGUE OF DOOM!

HELP! MURDER!

THAT'S CAPTAIN WONDER'S CLUE! HERE I GO!

RUNNING WON'T HELP YOU, FOOL!

IT'S HIM! IT'S DEATH! SAVE ME!

NONE CAN ESCAPE DEATH!

AIEEE!

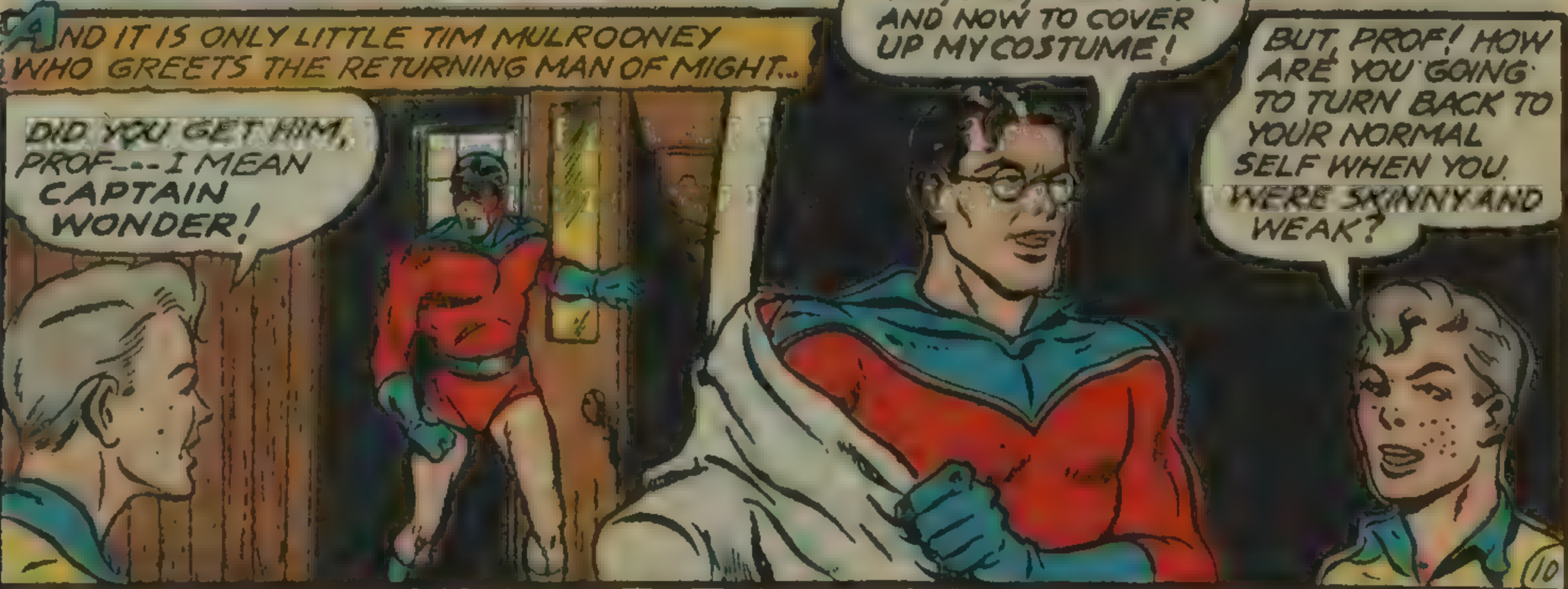
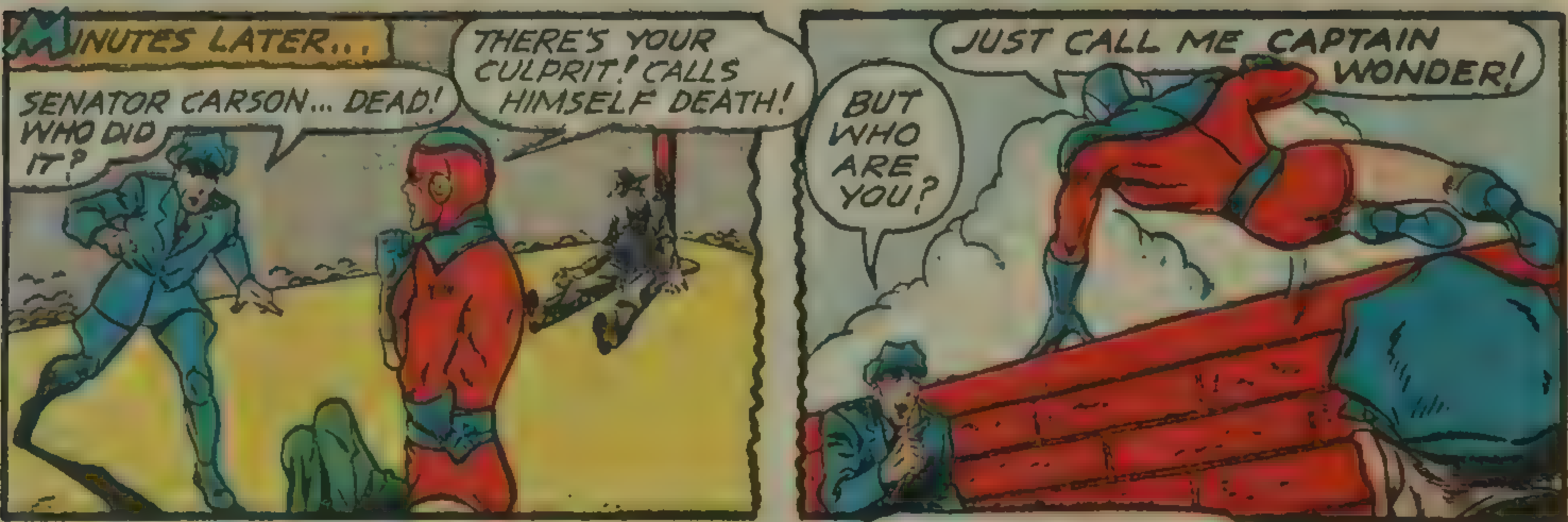
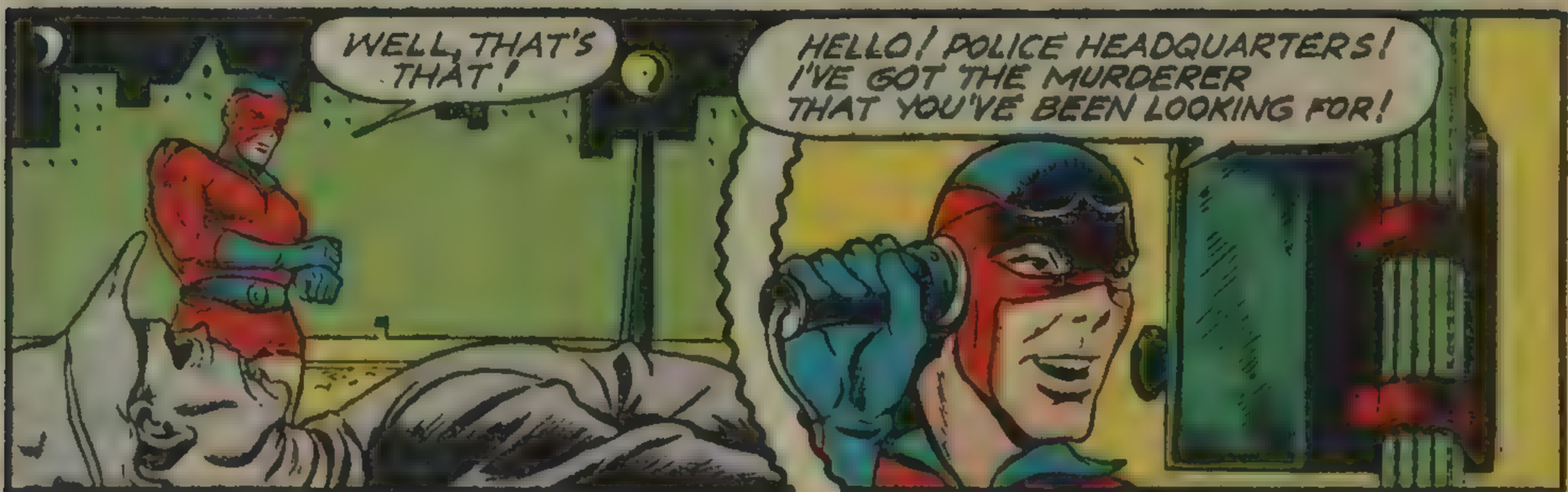
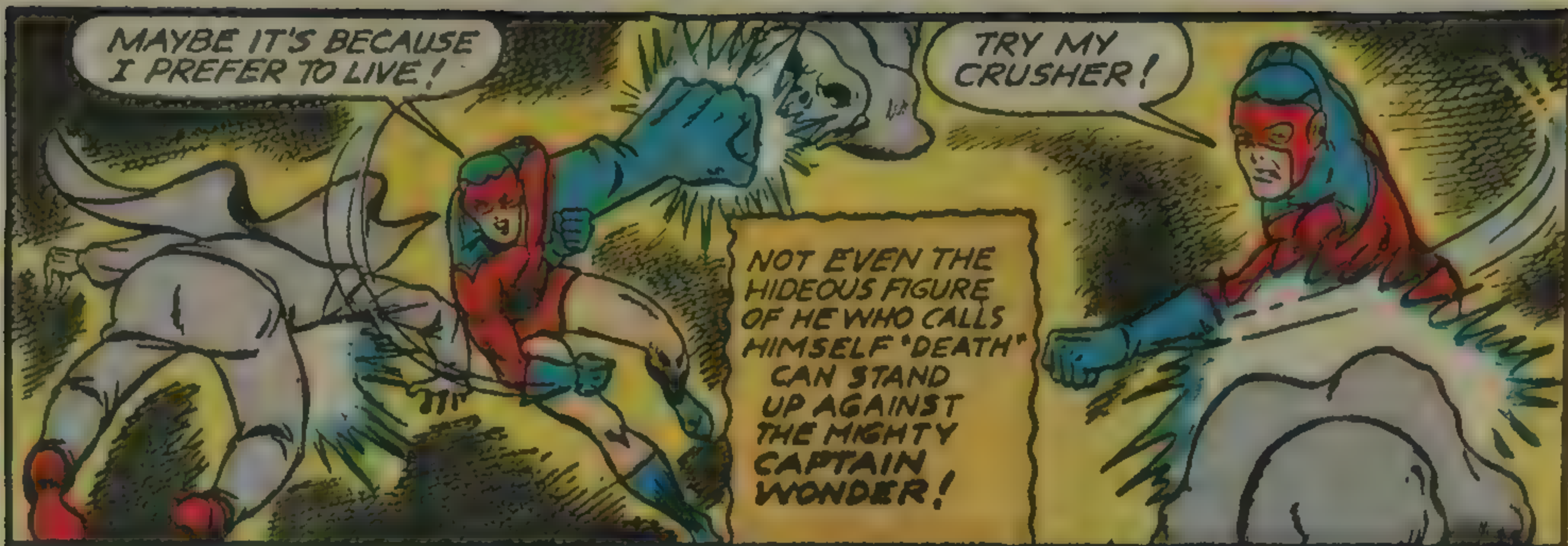
I BEG TO DIFFER WITH YOU!

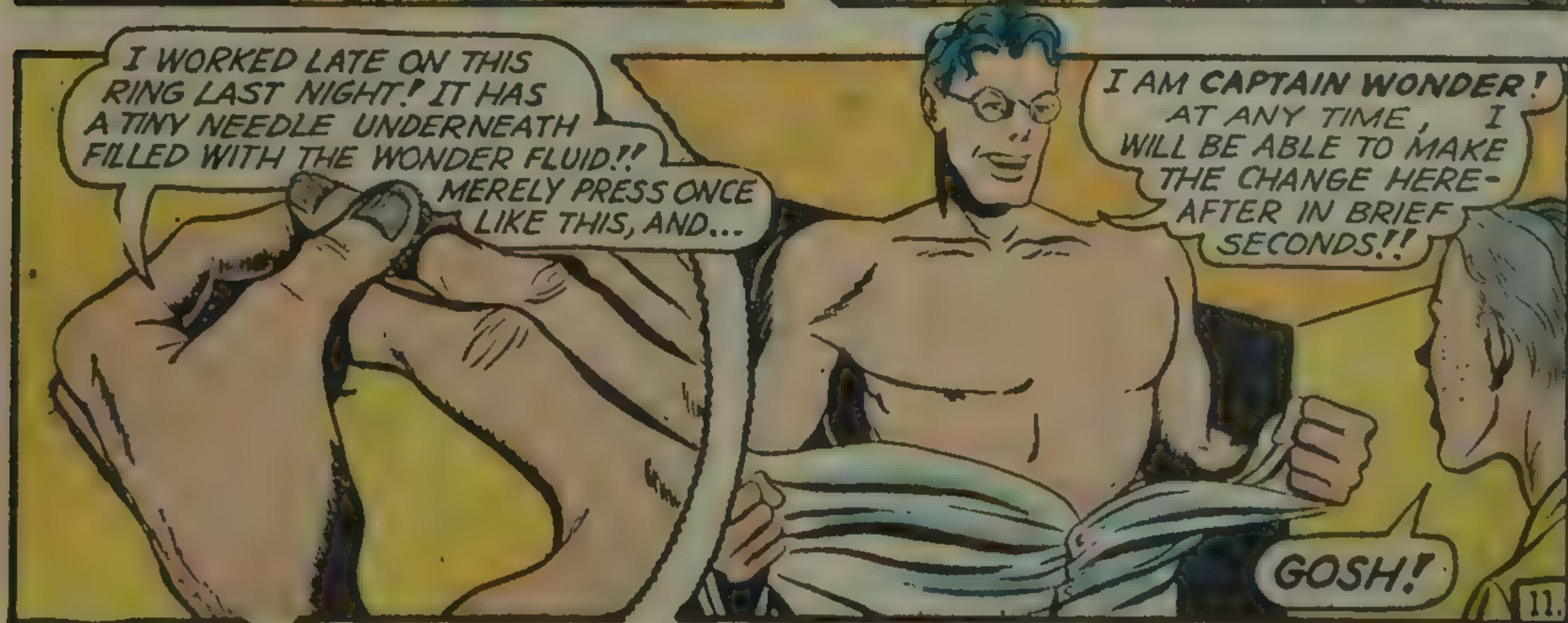
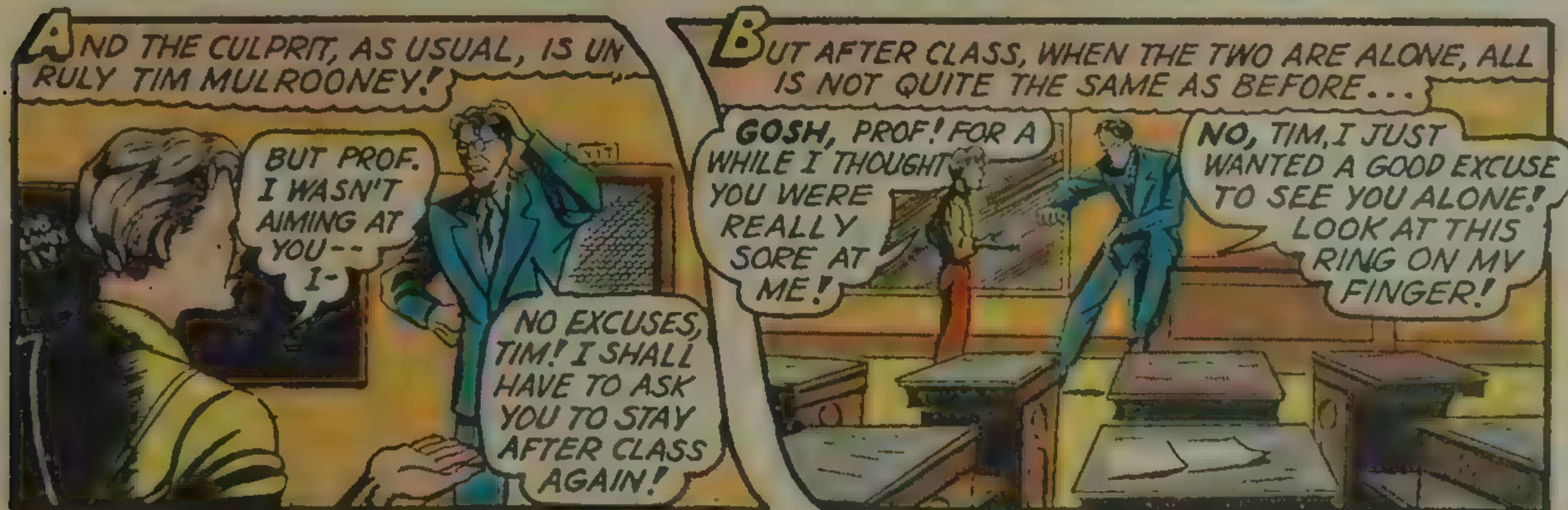
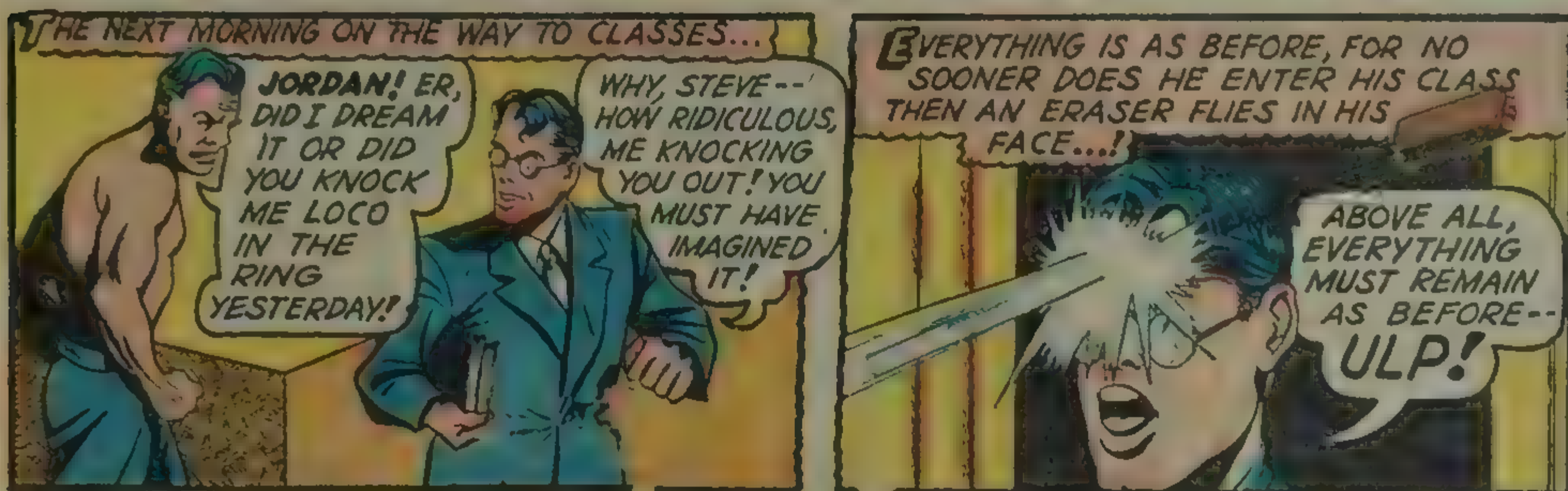
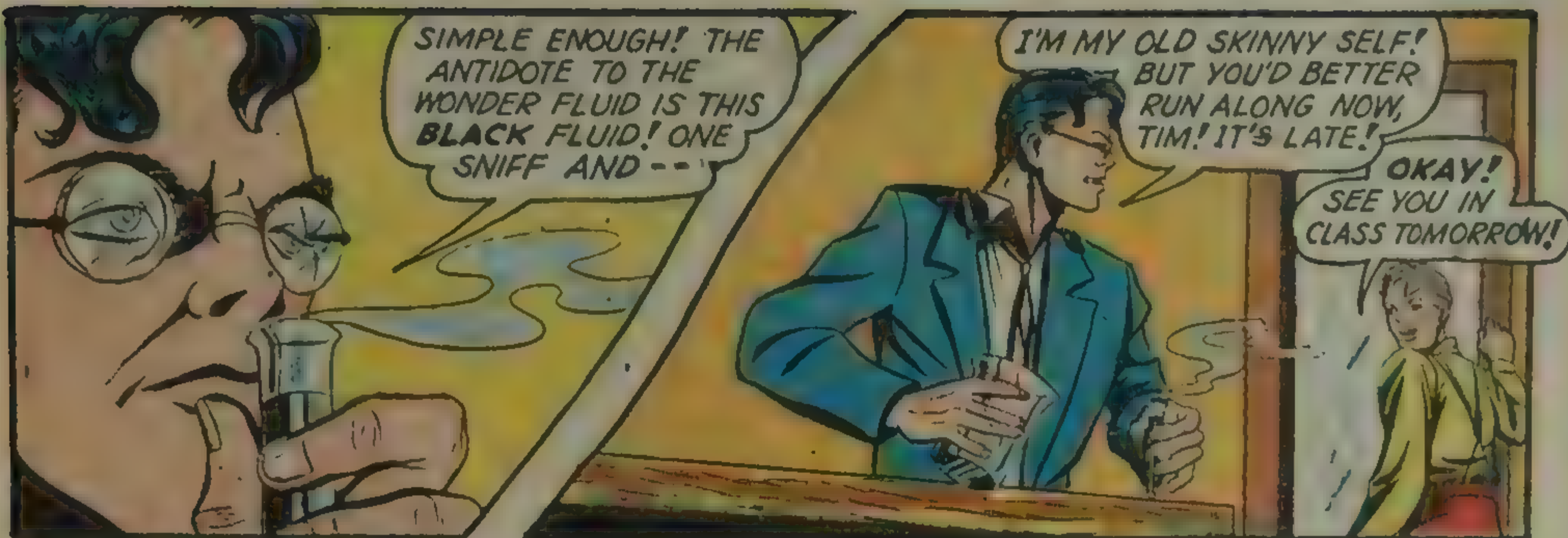
HA! HA!

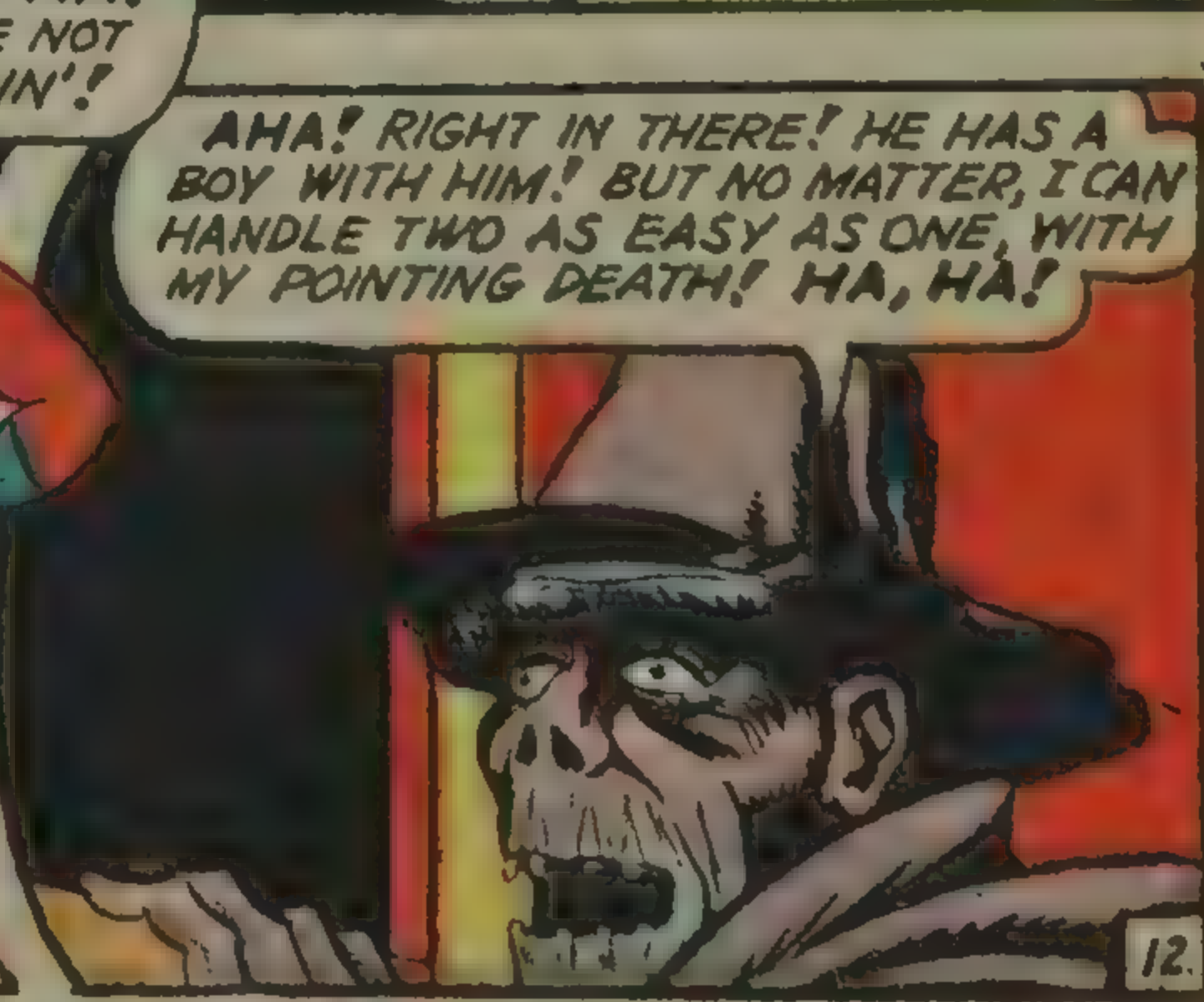
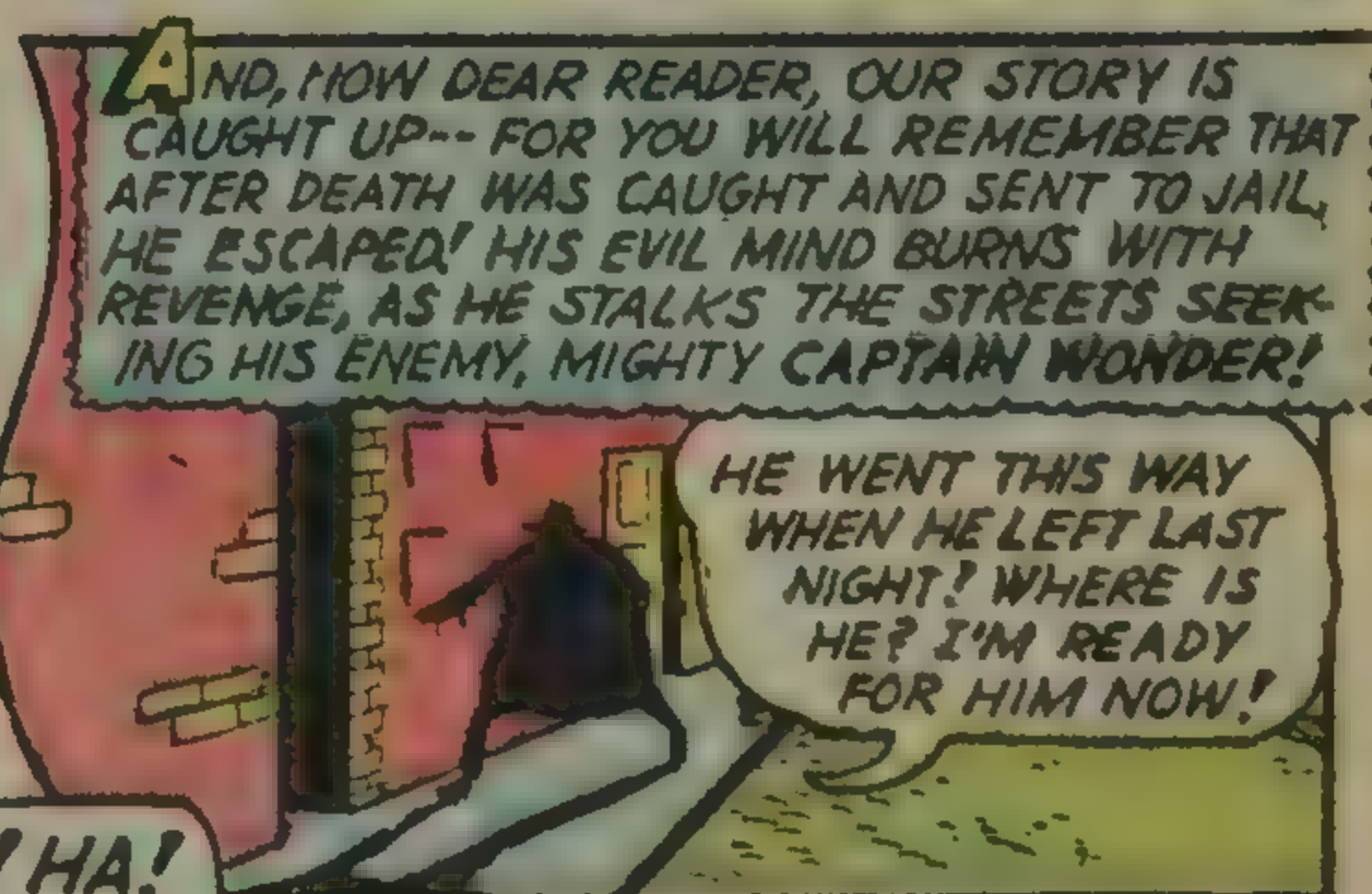
I BUT LOOK AT A MAN, AND HE DIES! I SHALL DESTROY ALL MANKIND! DEATH WILL REIGN SUPREME!

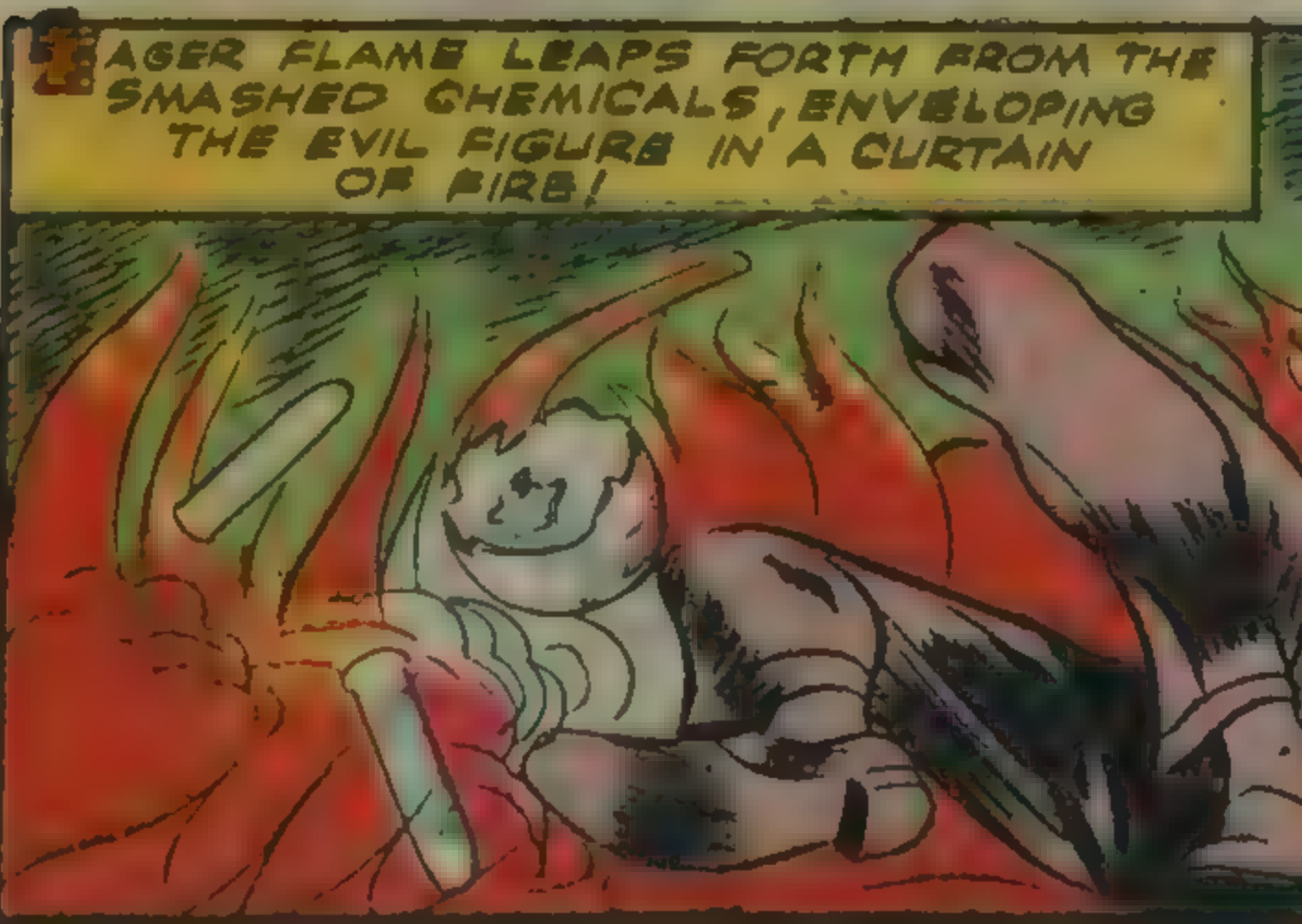
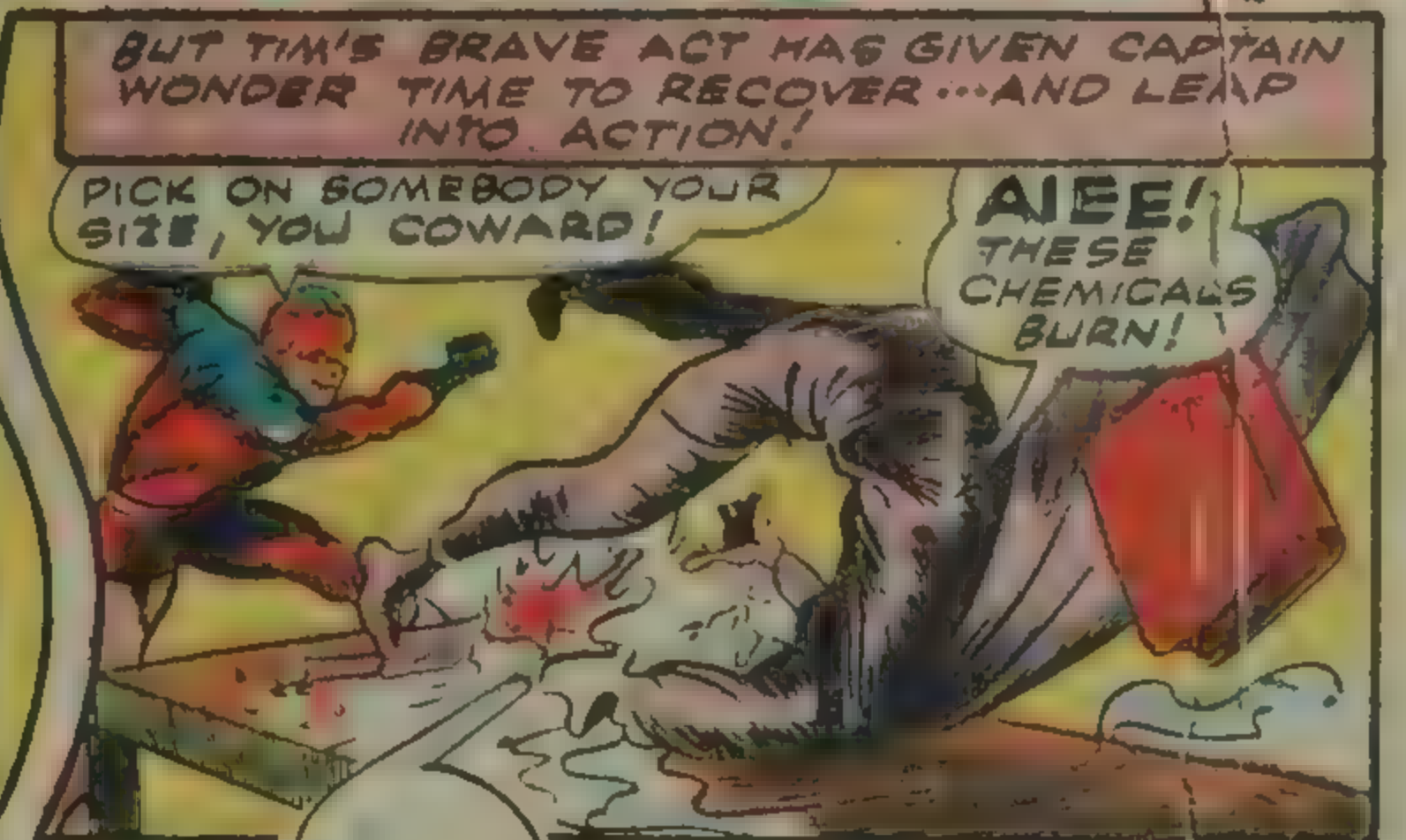
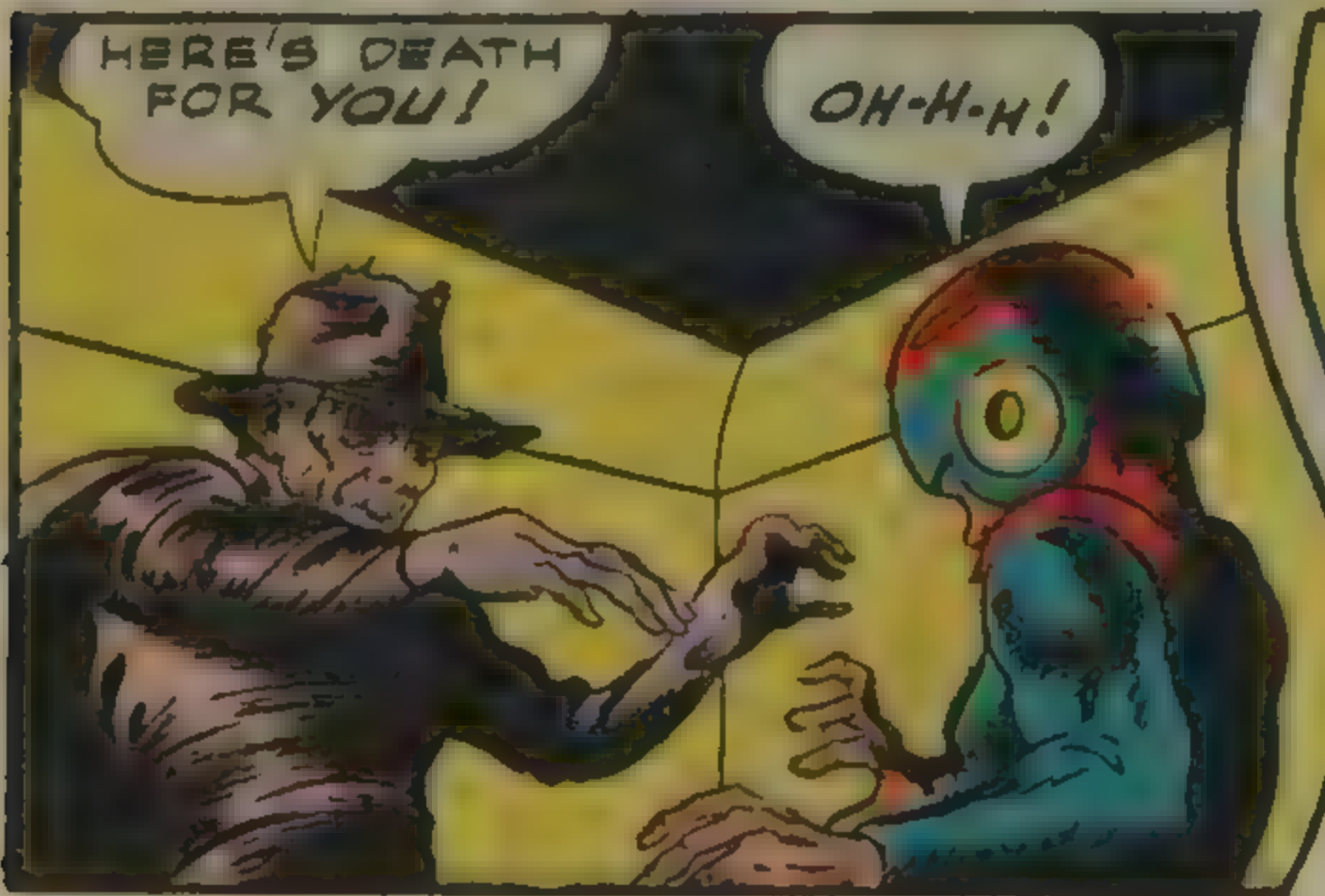
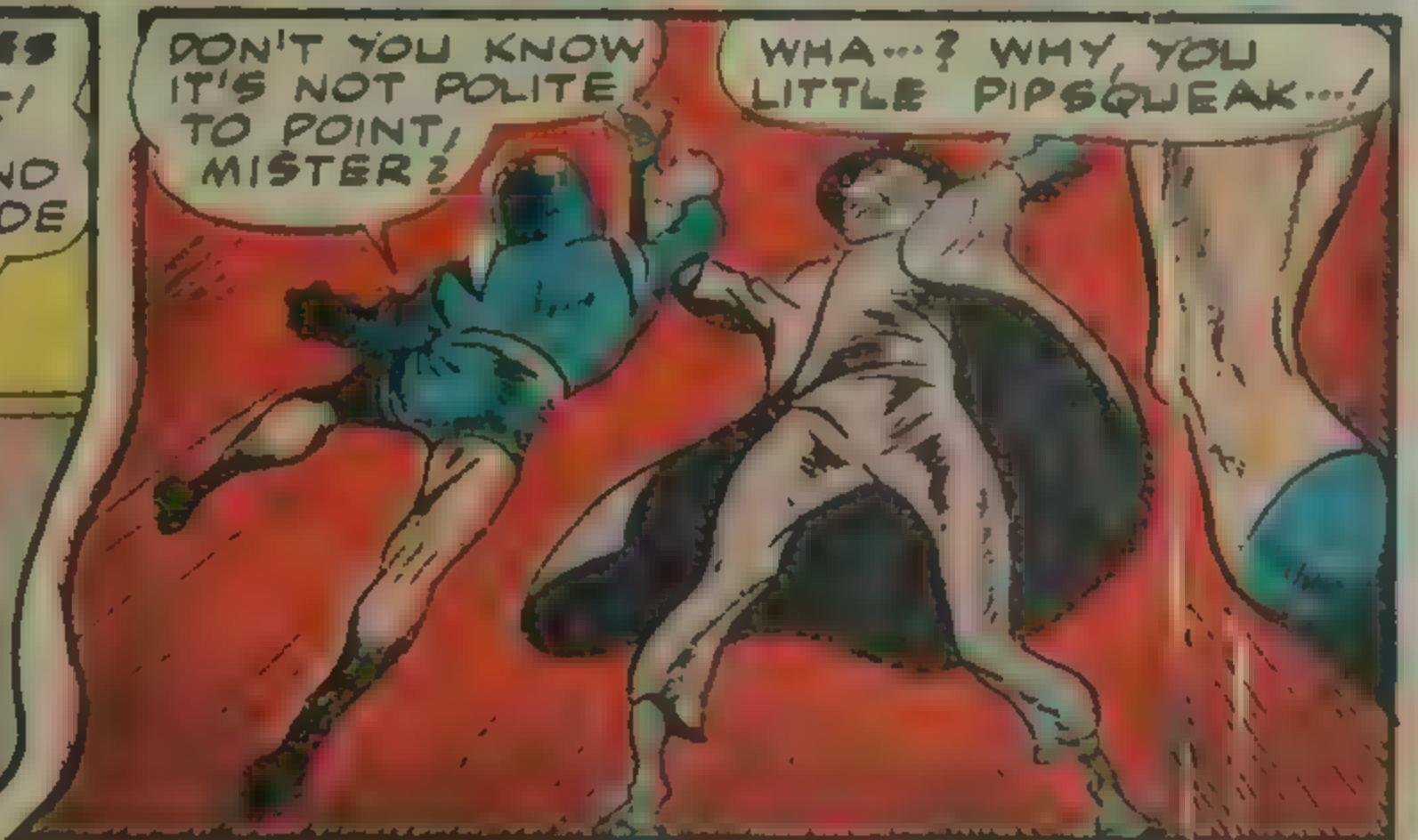
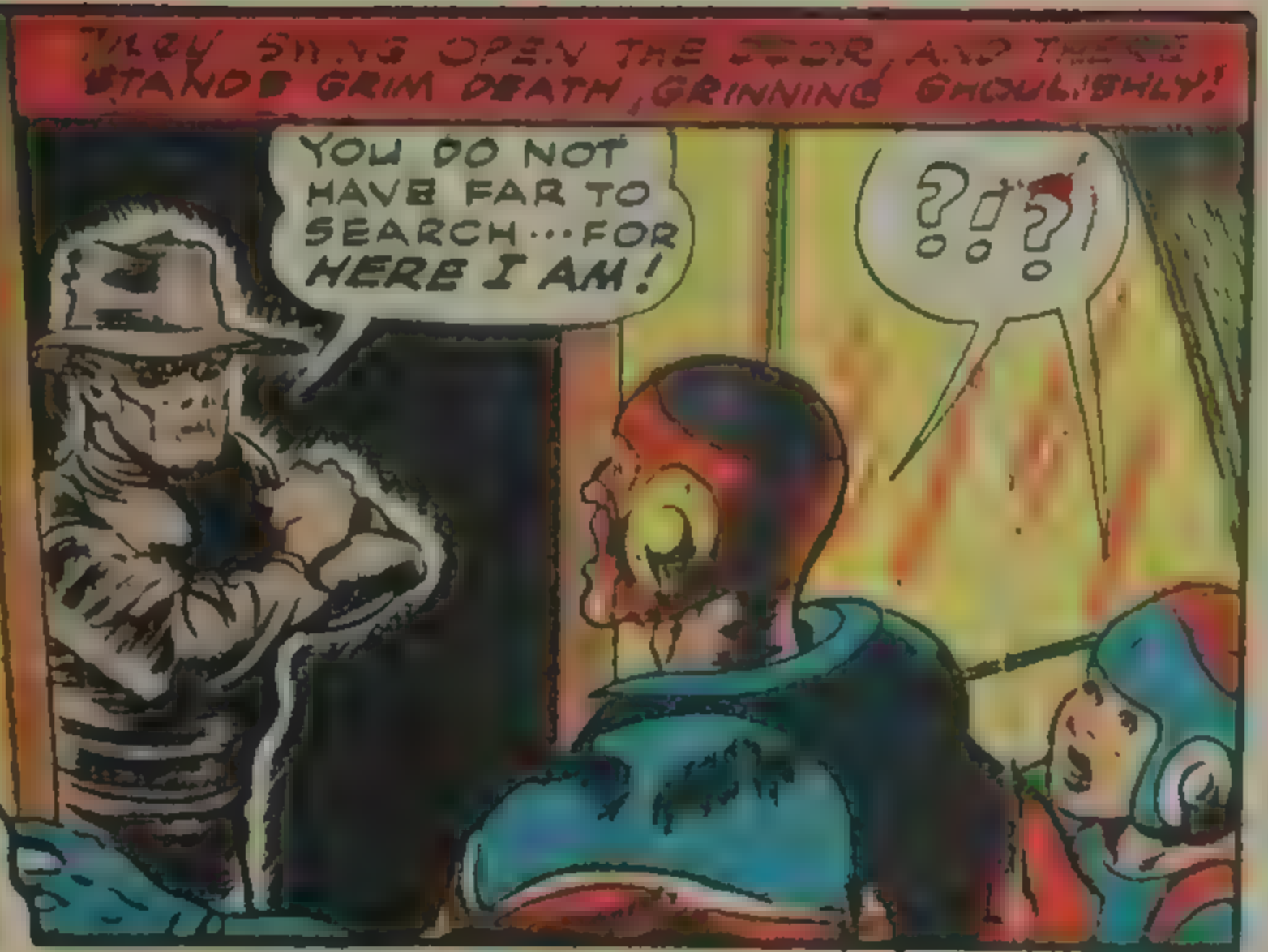
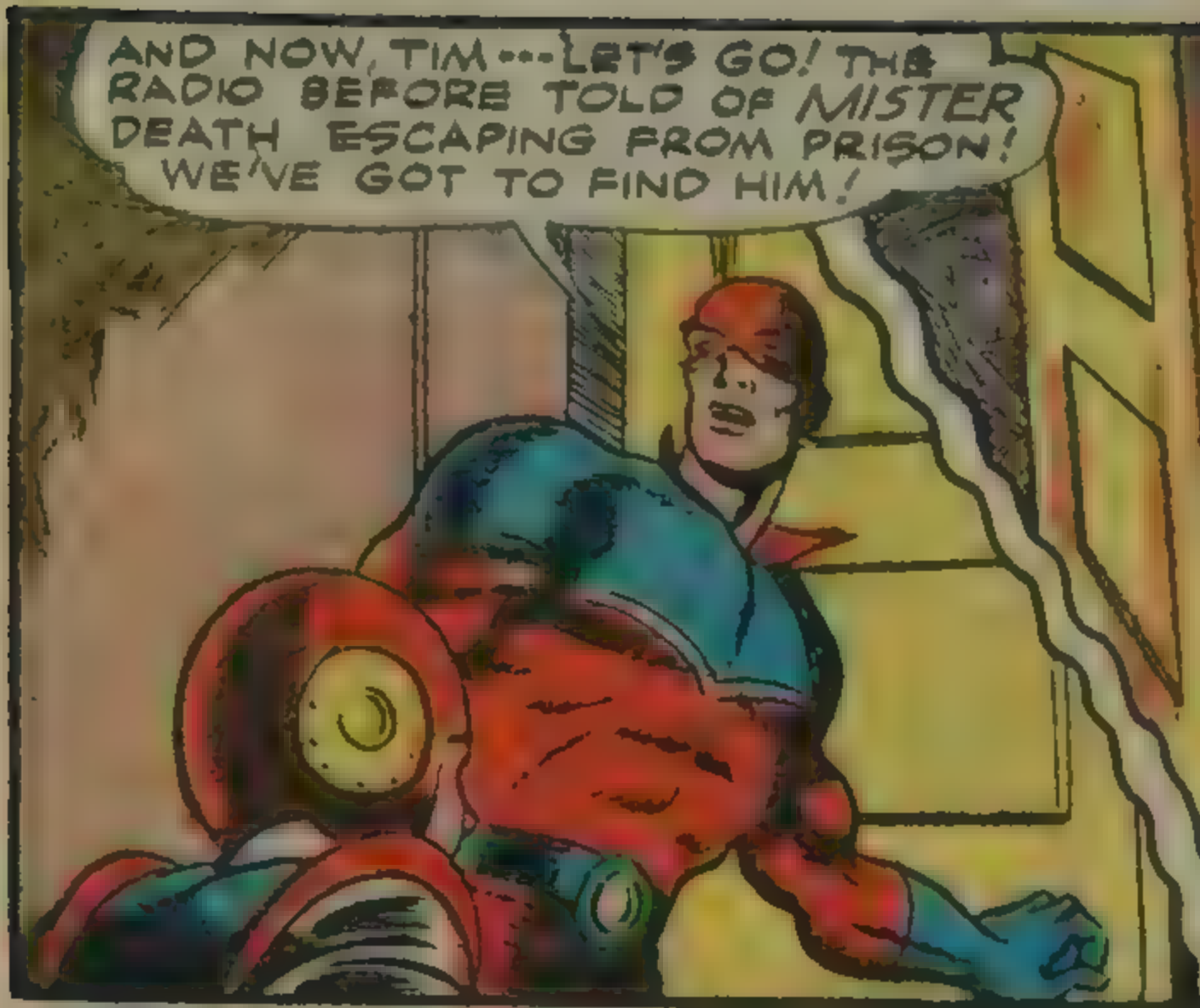
WHAT'S THIS?

DIE, DIE! WHY DON'T YOU DIE?









AND WHEN THE POWER-
FUL REAGENTS HAVE
DONE THEIR WORK...

B-BUT, HOW COULD
HE DIE-- IF HE'S
DEATH HIMSELF?

NO, TIM!
HE'S NOT
DEATH...
JUST A
MAN!

NO, TIM!
HE'S NOT
DEATH...
JUST A
MAN!

SEE, TIM? HIS SUP-
POSED POINTING
DEATH WAS JUST
THIS TUBE OF DEADLY
POISON GAS! HE SHOT
ENOUGH OF THIS IN-
VISIBLE GAS INTO
THE FACE OF HIS
VICTIMS TO KILL
THEM!

? YOU
 THAT
 BIRD?

YES, OFFICER!
 HE IS REALLY
 A FIFTH. COL-
 UMNIST, MAX
 BLUCHER! HE THOUGHT
 HE COULD TERRORIZE

AMERICA
AND KILL
OFF ITS
KEY MEN!

WITH AMERICA'S NIGHTS OF TERROR OVER, THE NEXT DAY DAWNS CLEAR AND BRIGHT... ESPECIALLY IN THE CLASSROOM OF PROFESSOR JORDAN!

GOLLY, I TRIED
ERASER!
OR'LL THINK
T!

YES,
SIR.

BUT JORDAN TOSSES THE ERASER OVER HIS SHOULDER... RIGHT INTO THE FACE OF THE PRINCIPAL COMING IN!

YOU! AH, PRO-FESSOR JORDAN! I WISH YOU WOULD REPORT TO ME AFTER CLASS!

YOLP! AHM, PRO-
FESSOR JORDAN! I WISH
YOU WOULD REPORT
TO ME AFTER
CLASS!

ER OVER
FACE OF

O.
WISH
T

BUT WE GET
ALONG MUCH
BETTER OUTSIDE
OF CLASS, FOLKS!

WELL, DEAR
READERS! WE
HOPE YOU LIKE
US! IF YOU DO,
CAPTAIN
WONDER
AND TIM
WILL BE
BACK IN
MANY, MANY
MORE
THRILLING
STORIES!

14

WELL, DEAR
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CAPTAIN
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THRILLING
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CAPTAIN AMERICA

COMIC MAGAZINE

Welcomes
**THE
HUMAN TORCH**



EVERY MONTH THE TWO GREATEST NAMES IN COMICS!

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE HUMAN TORCH

TOGETHER
IN...

CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS!

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER FOR YOUR COPY

Now
on
Sale



AND KNUCKLES WHITEWASH

HEY, WHITEWASH!
DE HAUNTED HOUSE
IS DAT WAY!

AH
KNOWS
IT!



YEOW!
I'M SHOT!

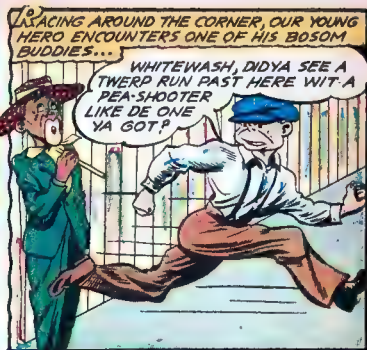
AS OUR
STORY
OPENS, ONE
OF MIDVALE'S
MOST SOLID
YOUNG
CITIZENS
IS TAKING
HIS DAILY
STROLL THRU
THE STREETS,
A MODEL
OF DIGNITY
AND DECORUM!

OH, IT'S SPRING 'N DE BOIDS 'N
DE BEES IS SINGIN'... OH, IT'S
SUMMER, 'N DE CHOICH BELLS
IS RINGING!



SUDDENLY,
HIS LOW,
WELL-BRED
VOICE
INTONATES
A GENTLE
CRY OF
SURPRISE
AS A
FLYING
MISSILE
FROM A
PEA-SHOOTER
STRIKES
HIS...
SHALL WE
SAY 'HITS
HIM'?



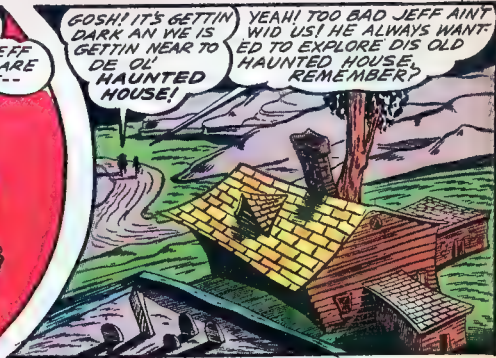


AM'M WORRIED
ABOUT JEFF!
AH HOPE
HE WASN'T
KIDNAPPED
OR SUMPIN'
--AH HOPE!

DON'T TALK
LIKE DAT, JEFF
KIN TAKE CARE
OF HIMSELF--
I HOPE!

GOSH! IT'S GETTIN
DARK AN WE IS
GETTIN NEAR TO
DE OL'
HAUNTED
HOUSE!

YEAH! TOO BAD JEFF AINT
WID US! HE ALWAYS WANT-
ED TO EXPLORE DIS OLD
HAUNTED HOUSE,
REMEMBER?

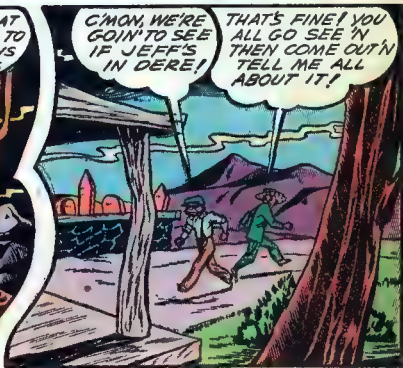


HOLY SMOKE, WASHY, MAYBE DAT'S WHAT
HAPPENED TO JEFF! MAYBE HE WENT TO
EXPLORE DIS HOUSE LIKE HE ALWAYS
WANTED TO-- AND MAYBE SUMPIN'S
HAPPENED TO HIM INSIDE!



C'MON, WE'RE
GOIN' TO SEE
IF JEFF'S
IN DERE!

THAT'S FINE! YOU
ALL GO SEE 'N
THEN COME OUT 'N
TELL ME ALL
ABOUT IT!



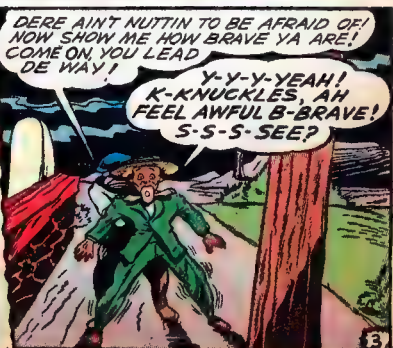
HEY! WAT'S DE MATTER WITCHA?
YA AINT AFRAID OF A LITTLE
OL' HAUNTED HOUSE, ARE YA?



YEAH!

DERE AINT NUTTIN TO BE AFRAID OF!
NOW SHOW ME HOW BRAVE YA ARE!
COME ON, YOU LEAD
DE WAY!

Y-Y-Y-YEAH!
K-KNUCKLES, AH
FEEL AWFUL B-BRAVE!
S-S-S-SEE?



DAT'S IT, WASHY! IF IT'S ALL DE SAME TO NOW LET'S GET INSIDE!
 YOU, PAL, AH'D BE WILLIN' TO WAIT OUT HERE SO AH COULD WARN YOU IF ANY-BODY COMES ALONG!

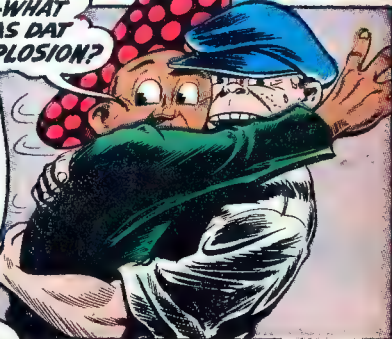
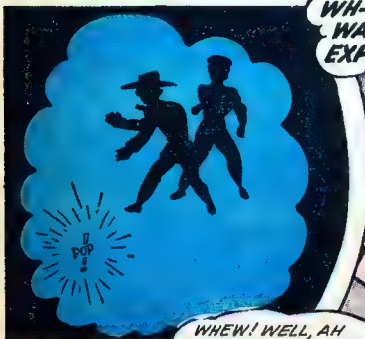


AT LAST THE TWO CRIME FIGHTERS STAND BRAVE AND UNAFRAID INSIDE THE HAUNTED HOUSE

W-WHEW! GOLLY, I WONDER WHAT D'S HOUSE WOULD CHARGE TO HAUNT A HAUNTED HOUSE?

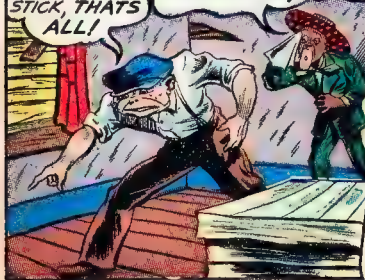


WH-WHAT WAS DAT EXPLOSION?



WHEW! WELL, AH D-DIDN'T YELL CAUSE AH WAS SCARED! OH NO, HA HA! AH - AH YELLED 'CAUSE AH WAS WORRIED 'BOUT YOU, DAT'S WHY!

LOOK, WASHY, IT WAS ONLY A MOUSE STEPPIN ON A MATCH STICK, THAT'S ALL!



COME ON! WE WON'T Y'KNOW, SUMPIN' FIND JEFF BY STANDIN' HERE! LET'S GO INTO DE NEXT ROOM!
 "WASHY, DON' LISTEN TO DAT KNUCKLES!" 'N LITTLE BY LITTLE AH BEGINS TO REALIZE AH OUGHTA LISTEN TO DAT SUMPIN'!



YEOW! SOMPIN' CAUGHT ME!
HELP! WASHY, HELP!
DONT HURT ME, MISTER!
WONT HURT'CHA-
HONEST! HELP!

I'LL REACH OUT AND... AH! HERE'S
DE LIGHT SWITCH, NOW... HEY! IT'S
ONLY A SUIT OF ARMOR AND...
WHITEWASH, WHERE ARE YAP
EVERYTHING'S OKAY! IT WAS
ONLY A STATUE!

WHY, AH HEARD
YOU NOLLER FOR
HELP AND AH THOUGHT
MAYBE AH COULD, EH...

KNOCK THIS CHANDLEER
ON DE GUYS HEAD,
DAT'S WHAT!

WHAT ARE
YA DOIN
UP THERE

I CANT UNDERSTAND
YA, WASHY! HOW CAN ANY
ONE GO AROUND WIT ME AN
STILL NOT BE BRAVE AND
FEARLESS LIKE ME... NOW
COME DOWN FROM DERE!

YASSUH!

POW!

GRRR! I'M SO
MAD DAT I'D
COUNT UP TO TEN
IF I KNEW HOW!

GIT OFFA
ME!

GOLLY, KNUCKLES,
AH GUESS YO FORGOT
TO GIT OUTTA DE
WAY IN TIME,
HUH?

IF SOMEBODY IS
KEEPIN' JEFF A
PRISONER HE'S
PROBABLY DOWN
IN DE CELLAR!
HERE WE
GO!

DE CELLAR! OH
LAWDY! PLEASE LET
ME HURRY UP AND WAKE
UP FROM DIS DREAM!
IT MUST BE A DREAM
'CAUSE AH'D NEVER GO
IN DE CELLAR OF A
HAUNTED HOUSE IF AH
WAS AWAKE!

NOW BE CAREFUL, WASHY!
WE DON'T WANT TO MAKE
ANY NOISE AT ALL, OR
DEY MIGHT HEAR
US!

IF DEY AIN'T
ALREADY HEARD
MAH KNEES SHAKIN',
DEY MUST BE
STONE 'DEAF! NUTHIN'
ELSE WE DO'LL
MAKE 'ANY
DIFFERENCE!

SHHHHHH!
NOT A SOUND!



OOPS! AH
MISSED DAT
STEP!



LOOK
OUT
BELOW!



THANKS!



NOW WE GOTTA WATCH
OUT! DEY MUSTA HEARD
US AN DEY'LL
PROBABLY BE ON
TOP OF US IN A
MINUTE!

DEY WILL?
OH, LAWDY!
WHY WASN'T
AH BORN
BRAVE
INSTEAD OF
GOOD LOOKIN'!



A FEW MINUTES PASS AS OUR INTREPID HEROES WAIT THE COMING OF THE ENEMY FORCES WITH A RARE DISPLAY OF COURAGE AND FORTITUDE . . .

HEY, WAKE UP, GALAHAD! SNAP OUT OF IT! NO ONE'S COMING! I GUESS DIS HOUSE IS DESERTED AFTER ALL!

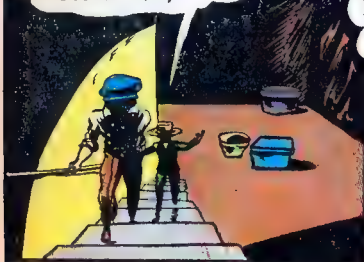


LEARNING THAT THE HOUSE IS DESERTED, AND THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR A FIGHT, WHITEWASH FEELS VERY DISAPPOINTED, ... AS YOU CAN SEE!

YOU-YOU MEAN DERE'S NO DANGER? OH, DAT'S TOO BAD! AH'M VERY SAD ABOUT DE WHOLE THING-- YASSUH! VERY SAD, INDEED!



YASSUH! AH'M SHO' SORRY NO GHOSTS OR SUMPIN' STARTED UP WITH US! AH'S IN DE MOOD FO'A GOOD FIGHT!



BUT AS THEY HEAD FOR THE OUTSIDE DOOR, IT SLAMS SHUT!

OH, WELL! WE MIGHT AS WELL SCRAM! JEFF DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HERE!

YEAH! TOO BAD WE MISS SOME FUN-- BUT---

GULP!

HEY! WOT'S DAT?

DID YOU SEE DAT?



I CAN'T OPEN IT! IT MUSTA BEEN DE WIND DAT SLAMMED IT SHUT! THERE-- THERE AINT NO SUCH T'INGS A GHOSTS--- IS DERE?

G-G-G-GHOSTS???
OH, LAWDDY, AH WAS ONLY KIDDIN' 'BOUT WANTIN' TROUBLE! WHAT'SSA MATTER, CAIN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE?



(WASHY, LISTEN, WHOEVER IT IS, **FOOTSTEPS!** KNUCKLES, REMEMBER YO MANNERS-- YOU INTRODUCE YO'SELF TO HIM FIRST!



THEY'RE NOT AFRAID, OF COURSE, BUT THEY REALIZE THAT IT'S WISER NOT TO PLUNGE HASTILY INTO SOMETHING UNTIL THEY SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST, SO THE DARING ADVENTURERS CALMLY AND UNHURRIDLY CONCEAL THEMSELVES BEHIND A SCREEN... AS THE DOOR OPENS...

QUICK! WE CAN HIDE BEHIND DIS!

YOU DON'T HAVE TA TELL ME, IS WAY AHEAD OF YOU!



NOW DON'T MAKE A SOUND! DON'T EVEN BREATHE!

BOY, AH CAN'T! AH'S TOO SCARED... AH MEAN--TOO SMART TO!



I SURE WILL BE GLAD TO GET OUTTA DIS PLACE!

ME TOO! WELL, OUR JOB WITH THAT JEFF KID OUGHTA BE DONE SOON!



DID YA HEAR DAT? DEY MUST BE HOLDIN' JEFF UPSTAIRS SOMEWHERE AN' DEY'LL KILL HIM SOON!

P-P-PARDON ME IF AH DON' ANSWER! AH GOTTA GIT MAH VOICE BACK FIRST!

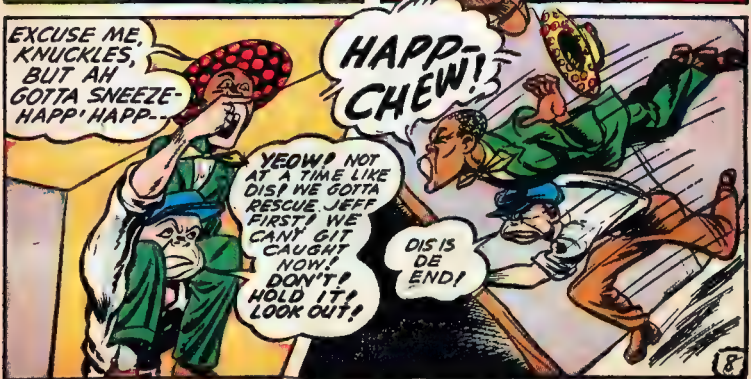


EXCUSE ME, KNUCKLES, BUT AH GOTTA SNEEZE--HAPP! HAPP--

HAPP-
CHEW!

YEOW! NOT AT A TIME LIKE DIS! WE GOTTA RESCUE JEFF FIRST! WE CANY GIT CAUGHT NOW! DON'T! HOLD IT! LOOK OUT!

DIS IS DE END!





HEY! WHAT THE?

LOOK, WASHY, WE GOT DEM! YOUR SNEEZE DID IT! WE GOT DEM!

OKAY! YOU KEEP EM! I GOTTA PREVIOUS APPOINTMENT!

LOOK OUT!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? LET THOSE CARPENTERS UP!

CARPENTERS?

OH! OH! AM BEGINNING TO THINK WE DID SUMPIN' WRONG AGAIN!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, YOU KIDS?

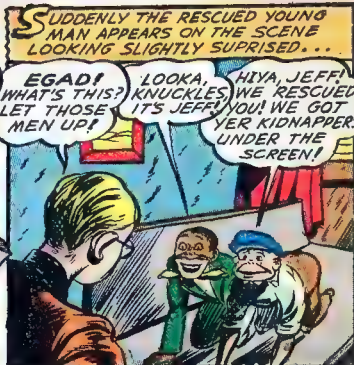
BUT WE THOUGHT YOU KIDNAPPED JEFF! YOU SAID YER JOB WID HIM WOULD SOON BE DONE!

I JUST HIRED THESE MEN TO FIX UP THE HOUSE, THAT'S ALL! FATHER BOUGHT IT AS A SUPRISE FOR THE GANG!

I WAS AFRAID IF I SAW YOU GUYS, I'D LET THE SECRET OUT! BUT I GUESS IT'S OUT ANYWAY! YOU CAME TO RESUE ME, EH? HA! HA! HA!

HMM! VERY FUNNY!

AH THINK WE SHOULD TEACH DAT YOUNG MAN A LESSON!

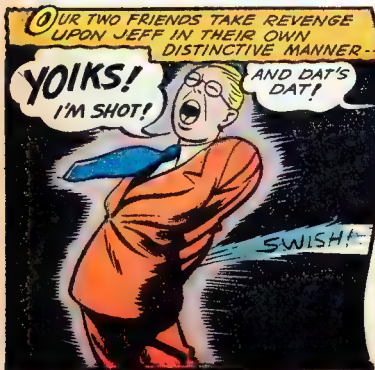
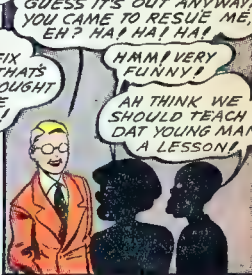
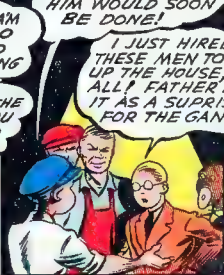


SUDDENLY THE RESCUED YOUNG MAN APPEARS ON THE SCENE LOOKING SLIGHTLY SURPRISED...

EGAD! WHAT'S THIS? LET THOSE MEN UP!

LOOKA, YOU KNUCKLES IT'S JEFF! WE GOT YER KIDNAPPERS UNDER THE SCREEN!

HIYA, JEFF! YOU! WE GOT YER KIDNAPPERS UNDER THE SCREEN!

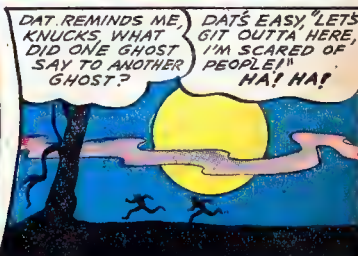


OUR TWO FRIENDS TAKE REVENGE UPON JEFF IN THEIR OWN DISTINCTIVE MANNER--

YOIKS! I'M SHOT!

AND DAT'S DAT!

SWISH!



DAT REMINDS ME, KNUCKLES, WHAT DID ONE GHOST SAY TO ANOTHER GHOST?

DAT'S EASY, LETS GIT OUTTA HERE, I'M SCARED OF PEOPLE! HA! HA!

AND SO OUR YOUNG PALS LEAVE US FOR AWHILE, BUT WE'LL THRILL AND LAUGH WITH THEM AGAIN, NEXT ISSUE! LET US WAIT THEN, WITH BATED BREATHS FOR THE 2ND ISSUE OF BIG, NEW, KID COMICS-- SOLONG!

The BIG 3



TERRY-TOONS

NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

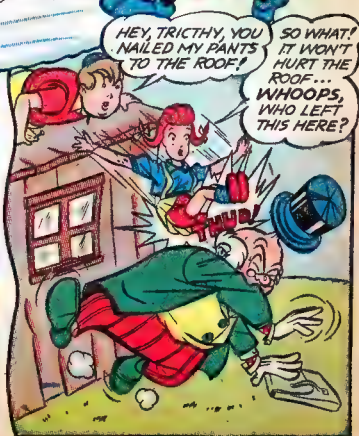
KRAZY KOMICS

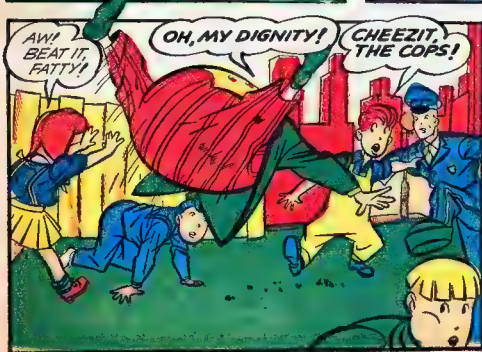
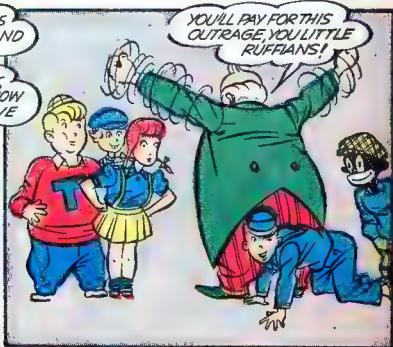
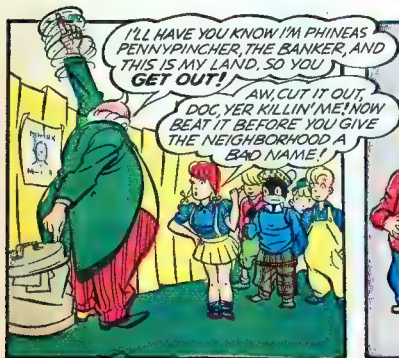
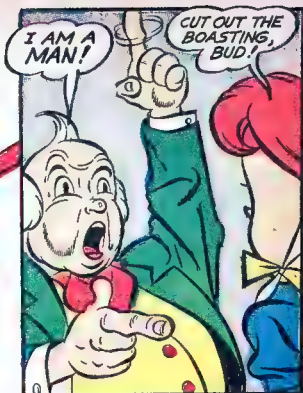
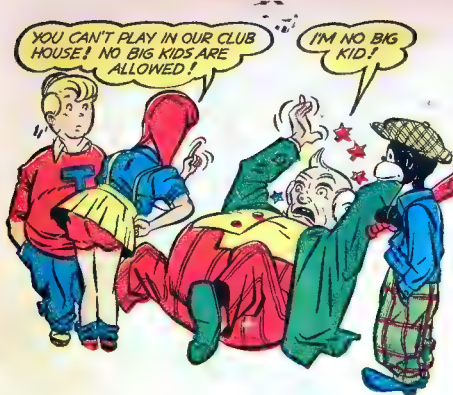
NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

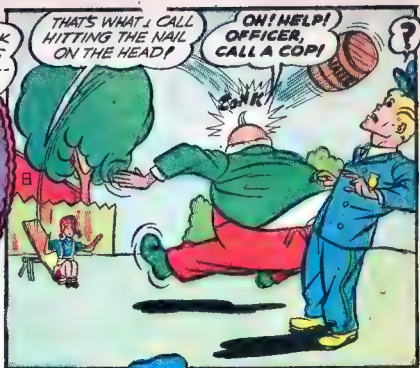
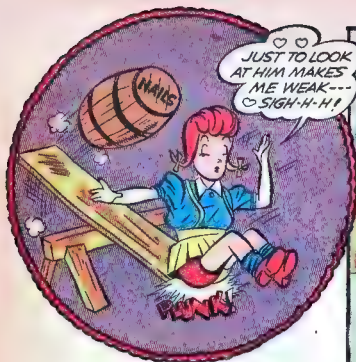
COMEDY

NEW
EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

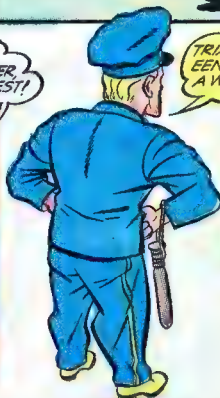
TRIXIE TROUBLE



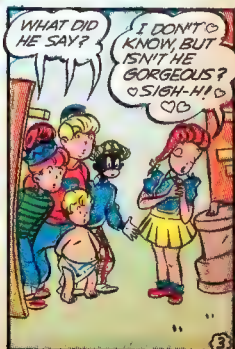




YES SIR, MR. PENNYPINCHER, I'LL DO MY BEST!

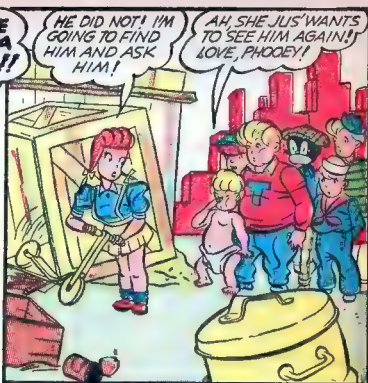


OH, JOY, MAYBE HE'S GOING TO PROPOSE!



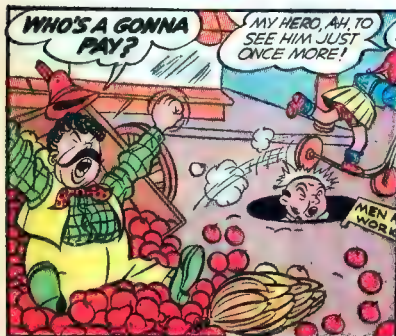


I HOIDED HIM, HE
THAID WE GOTTA
GET THE X@-3!!
OUTTA HERE!!



HE DID NOT! I'M
GOING TO FIND
HIM AND ASK
HIM!

AH, SHE JU'S WANTS
TO SEE HIM AGAIN!
LOVE, PHOOEY!



WHO'S A GONNA
PAY?

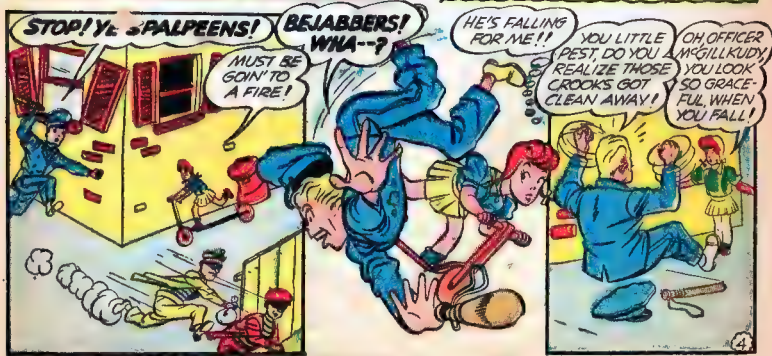
MY HERO, AH, TO
SEE HIM JUST
ONCE MORE!



C'MON, BUTCH, WE GOT
DA MAZUMA, LET'S
SCRAM!

HEAVEN'S, CECIL,
YOU SOUND
EXACTLY LIKE
THE GANG-
STERS IN THE
MOVIES!

MEANWHILE... AT THE LOCAL BANK!!



STOP! Y@ \$PALPEENS!

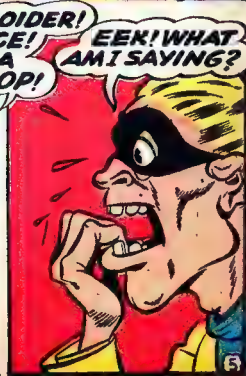
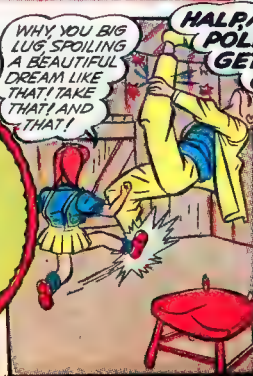
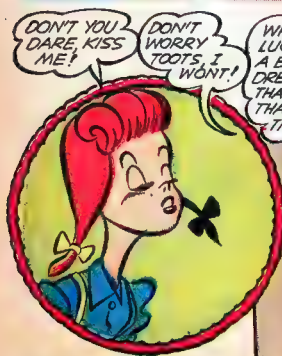
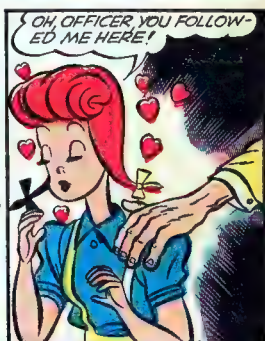
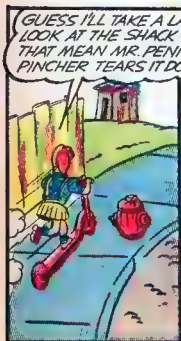
BEJABBERS!
WNA--?

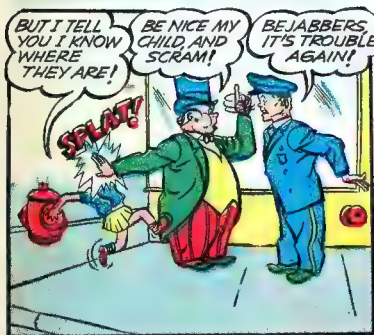
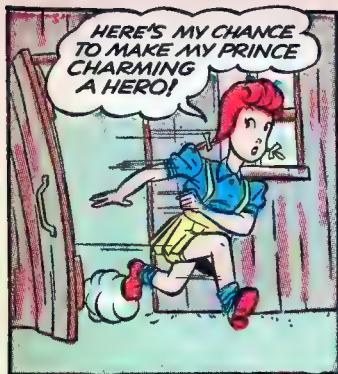
MUST BE
GOIN' TO
A FIRE!

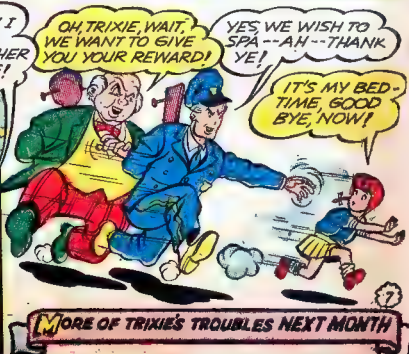
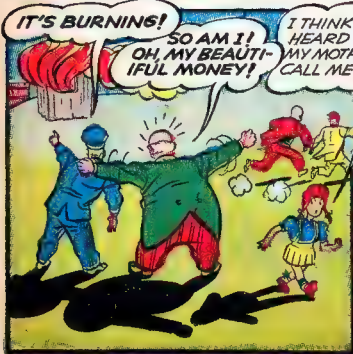
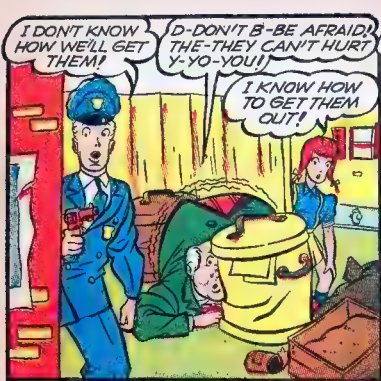
HE'S FALLING
FOR ME!!

YOU LITTLE
PEST, DO YOU
REALIZE THOSE
CROOKS GOT
CLEAN AWAY!

OH OFFICER
MCGILLKUDY,
YOU LOOK
SO GRACE-
FUL WHEN
YOU FALL!







TRIPLE THREAT

WILBUR WHITHER-foreman gasped, gulped, and men in the plant will hear you
BACK was a bugologist groaned! above the pounding of the
of some small local fame. "Not so loud, lout!" The man presses!"

His process for machine-gunning shushed. "There are spies every- But it was too late. They had
Japanese Beetles with popped where! We've taken so many heard... and were already leav-
corn direct from the corn ears monkey wrenches out of our ing for their mid-day snack. They
with a special ultra-violet spray machinery in the past week we're thought it was the noon whistle!

he invented helped to make the seriously thinking of opening a
name Whitherback known. The monkey wrench plant next door!"
spray super-heated the sun's "Sorry, pal," Wilbur winced,
rays... making the corn pop. The glancing furtively from side to
process almost became nation- side, then up, then down. "We'd
ally accepted until the farmers better retire to your official office
found it was unsafe to wander to discuss this new secret weap-
into the fields after an applica- on!"

tion of the spray. The effect was "Start speakin', Specs! Spill
not unlike buck-shot. And what the secret... I can only spend a
with the scrap drive, not too second!" The foreman had refer-
many farmers held onto their ence to Wilbur's glasses, a story
bullet-proof vests; those that had in themselves. He had already
to begin with, that is. Be- donated the metal rims to the
sides, it wasn't in the vests that scrap-drive, and now had them
the kernels hurt most anyway. securely taped into place with

Well, Wilbur had just gotten wide strips of adhesive tape.
used to the peace and quiet of "Check, chum!" Whitherback
his little biology laboratory next grinned, and glued his gums to
door to the machine shop of the the foreman's ear! In tones so low
Fairway Aircraft plant once the foreman had to tune up his
again, when he suddenly hit on mechanical ear, Wilbur told of
another world beater! his theory. As our hero hushed

"Peachy protoplasm!" Wilbur on with his historic herald, the
wailed. "I've hit it! Eureka... foreman's eyes lit up like two
(whatever that means)... this fireflies in a forest fire.

idea will be a boon to our para- "Great, genius!... we could
chute troops!" use a remedy like that, but how

With that Wilbur whisked his is it done?"

work into a weighty wastebasket Wilbur continued, this time
and whipped it over his weather- getting down to plastic tacks (no
beaten shoulder blades. He flip- more brass for the duration,
ped his floppy fedora over his y'know). But as the bugologist
fuzzy bean and flashed next door ranted, the foreman panted...
to see the foreman of the Fairway finally breaking out into a loud
factory. scream! "NOOOOOOoooooo!"

Grabbing the guy by the cuff Willie's eardrums broke into a
of his coveralls, Wilbur wasted conga rhythm while the wail
no time telling his tale. The lasted. "Cut it, cousin!—or the

But back to our bugologist and his brow-beating boy friend. The
foreman threw a glance at Wil-
bur that singed the part in his
toupee. Wilbur protested, but the
head man insisted. "No! No! A
hundred times no (we have to
cut down on everything, these
days)! The idea is inane, insane,
ridiculous and pediculous!
(means foul) Now! Take your
traps and make tracks, tramp!"

A moment later and Wilbur
found himself flying out the front
hangar of the Fairway Aircraft
plant! To the inmates this didn't
mean much... they had seen
other salesmen leave the same
way but, to a certain group of
men perched on a nearby hill,
continuously scanning the scene
with a spy-glass (sure, all spies
use spy-glasses)... it attracted
wide attention!

"Ach! Dese Americans! Now
dey haff pervected a mazine dot
flicz a man midout a plane under
him! Looook, Hans!" Hans heap-
ed his hands around the spy-glass
and spied at Wilbur... just about
to make a one point landing a
few hundred feet away from their
hide-out.

"Achl! Ya, Adolph! Und iff ve can shtead dot box he carries...ve can return to der Fadderland und get der greatest reward der Feuhrer hass to offer!—Permission to ged uoff Chermamy und get oud our virst Unided Shtates citizenship papers! Oh, happy day!"

In a matter of minutes the Nazis were at the scene... and grabbed our hero before he could decide where it hurt most; in his dignity, or in his—

"Shtop vere you are, shwine!" Hans cried, levelling a cannon at our Wilbur. But if the Nazi expected Wilbur to wilt he was woefully wrong, for Whitherback wound up a weighty left hook and whacked the worm on the chin! A terrific battle ensued and the three smacked and snorted. Finally, after discovering that how only two were battling, the Nazis stopped belting each other and dashed after Wilbur, who was crawling over the hill.

They both jumped at once... and Wilbur left his bugaboo for a short digression into studying the stars. He soon became so engrossed in the study that he fell into a sound slumber.

"Now ve haff der secret, Hans! But vot vill ve do about it?" Adolph asked.

"Here, let me try!" Hans took the box-like waste basket, and taking a running jump... left the edge of the hill and spread his arms like a bird! Yes, he soared... but only for a few seconds... finally stopping with his head two feet deep in the soft clay at the foot of the hill!

"Dunder und blitzkreig!" Hans yelled... "It iss broken! Let's take a good look!" With that they carried the container to their shack and dumped the contents on the table.

In it they made an amazing discovery... there was a parachute, neatly folded. "Vas ist das!" Adolph lifted one eyebrow (lifting one at a time is very relaxing). "Ya, I know... it must be some kind of special chute dot

fiez you vere ever you vant to go!"

"Ya...ve must test it!... come!" The spies took the chute and dashed toward the Fairway field. It was a brazen move but a lot was at stake. Think of it... for this they might become American citizens!

At the field they found a plane to one side, an old job... and climbed in. A few minutes later the plane took off... the pilot having been assigned to do some stunts over the field with a cargo of milk containers. His job was to see that the cream was distributed throughout the milk. A racket, we guess... sort of a shakedown on the shake-up.

Well, high over the field, Hans nudged Adolph... "Okay, friend... you strap the chute on und take off!" But Adolph had other ideas.

"Nein, friend! The honor should be yours... after all, you discovered it! Go ahead, friend!"

They stood there in the open door of the plane for a few minutes arguing back and forth... until the pilot made up their minds for them. For, at the first crazy loop... they hurtled out! Both clinging to the strands of the still packaged chute, they were fumbling for the rip cord—
WHEN THEY SAW IT!

"Agggghhhh! Ach! Ach! Achh!" Hans dropped free... finding he couldn't fly anymore than Adolph... who let go a moment later when he, too, saw it!

That afternoon, after the may-

or and his associates had settled themselves in the hastily built grandstand on the field at Fairway, the president of the plant, with his foreman (we've already met him, remember?), crossed in front to shake Wilbur Whitherback's outstretched hand.

"We're proud of you, sir," the

president of the plant purred," for conspicuously assisting in the extermination of the Axis espionage agents!"

"Thank you, Mr. President," Wilbur thanked, not fully understanding the bulk of what the man had just belched.

"Yes," the president frowned, "... but tell me, Whitherback, just what did you have in that chute that made them let go?"

Wilbur Whitherback knew his big chance had come. He threw out his chest... almost knocking over the president, and proclaimed: "It was a *Spidermeedle!*"

"A SPIDERMEEDLE?" the crowd chorused... "WHAT'S A SPIDERMEEDLE?"

Wilbur reached into his vest pocket and carefully withdrew one of his precocious pets... one of the ugliest things imaginable! "You see," Wilbur started, with his best dramatic tone... "I realized what a horrible thing it must be to jump out of a plane... pull the rip cork, er, cord, and find the sunlight streaming down on you through a tear in your parachute..."

He stopped for a moment to catch the interested expressions on his listeners' faces... but saw a queer, hypnotic, almost nauseous look on their peaked pans. However, this didn't daunt our hero, and he continued: "So, I crossed a spider with a silkworm... and *that* result with a common darning needle fly, so it could be put in the packs and—" But here there was a loud slump... and the grandstand caved in. His audience had passed out.

And, you know... to this day, Wilbur Whitherback hasn't been able to get an audience to sit through a full explanation of how his Spidermeedle will crawl over a torn parachute and industriously sew it together. But then, that's probably only one of the tragedies of this modern age.

THE END

PINTO

Pete

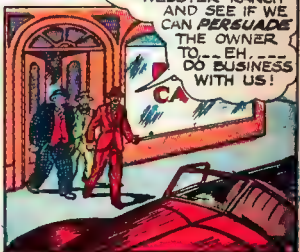


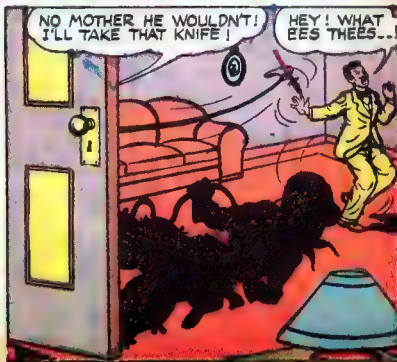
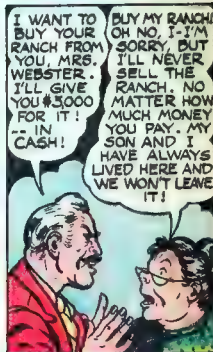
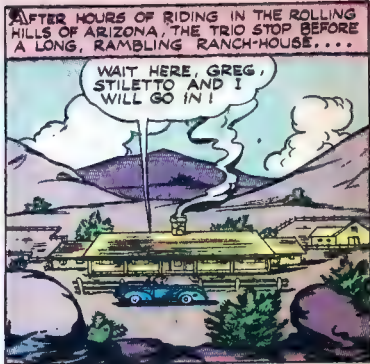
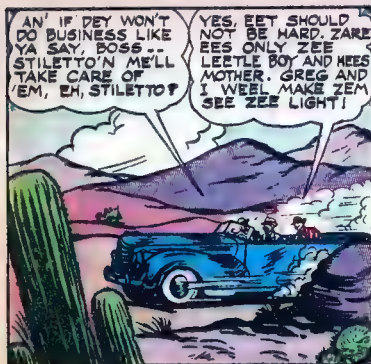
OUR STORY
OPENS IN
THE BACK
ROOM OF
A CAFE IN
ARIZONA.
THREE MEN
ARE HUDDLED
AROUND A
FLICKERING
CANDLE,
LAYING
THEIR
EVIL
PLANS...

YES, MEN, IT'S
ALMOST TIME TO
STRIKE! WE NEED
ONLY TAKE THE
WEBSTER RANCH,
AND WE'LL CON-
TROL ALL THE
RANCHES IN
THIS AREA!

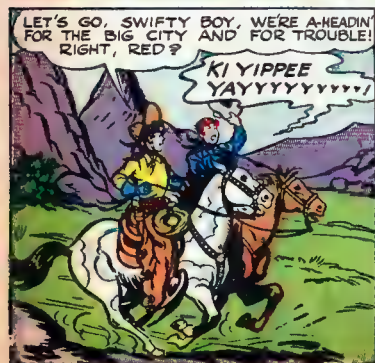
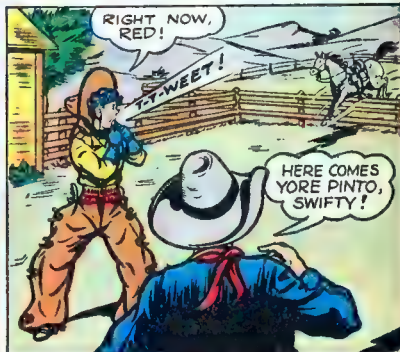
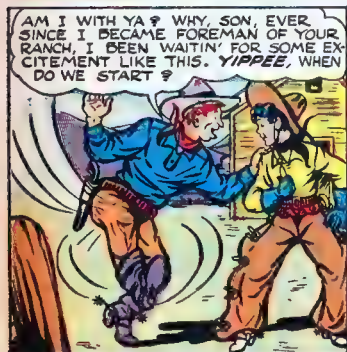
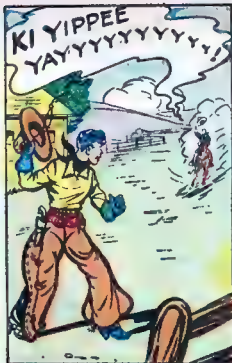
AND THEN WE'LL
FORCE ZEE LEETLE
RANCHEROS OUT
AND RUN ZEE
WHOLE CATTLE
BUSEENES, EH?
ZAT, IS GOOD,
SLICK, GOOD!

COME, WE'LL VISIT THIS
WEBSTER RANCH
AND SEE IF WE
CAN PERSUADE
THE OWNER
TO... EH...
DO BUSINESS
WITH US!









WHILE IN THE TOWN, SLICK SHAW IS INFLAMING THE TOWNFOLK AGAINST MRS. WEBSTER WITH A PACK OF LIES.

AND SO I SAY, FOLKS, ARE YOU GOING TO ALLOW MRS. WEBSTER TO REFUSE TO SELL HER RANCH WHEN IT MEANS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GETTING A RAILROAD THRU THIS LAND OR NOT?



THAT'S WHY WE SHOULD GO TO HER RANCH AND FORCE HER TO SELL RIGHT AWAY! ISN'T THAT RIGHT FOLKS?

YEAH!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

LET'S GIT GOIN'!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, TWO HUMAN CYCLONES BLOW INTO TOWN!

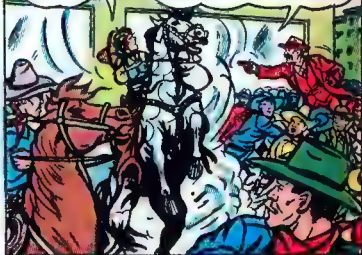
KI-YIPPEE
YAYYYYYYYY!

WE'LL SHOW THE
LOW-DOWN COYOTES!



WELL, WELL! SO YOU'RE A-GONNA FORCE MY MAW TO SELL HER RANCH, ARE YA?

NOW YOU KEEP OUTTA THIS YOUNG UN. I DON'T WANNA HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH ANY KIDS AROUND HERE-N BESIDES, YOU'RE LIALE TO GIT HURT!



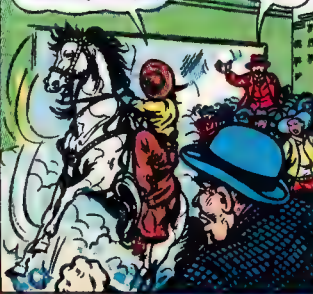
WHILE I'M TALKIN' TA THE BRAT, YOU GIT I'M FROM BEHIND!

OK BOSS!



NOW I'M GONNA TELL THESE PEOPLE A FEW THINGS 'BOUT YOU, MISTER SHAW!

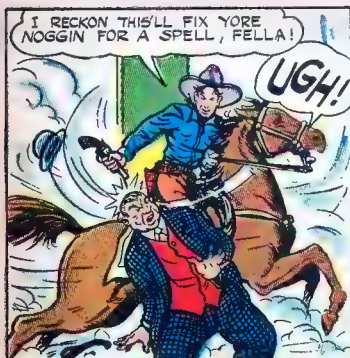
GIT I'M GREG!

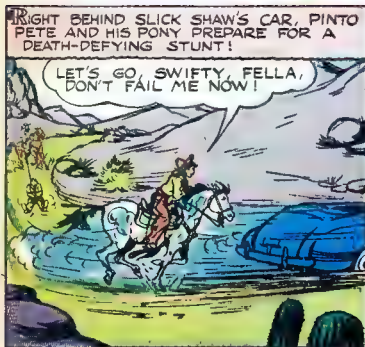


MEDBE I, DIDN'T TELL YOU GENTS, BUT I DON'T LIKE INTERRUPTIONS WHILE I'M SPEAKING!

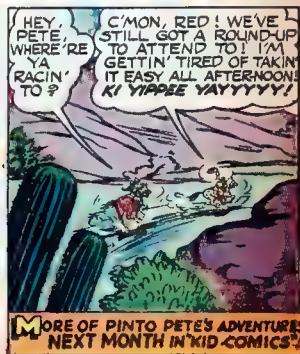
YEOW!







A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER STILETTO AND SLICK HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED IN THE TOWN JAIL...





AVAST!
THERE
READERS

NORTH
AND EAST
AND WEST
AND SOUTH...
HERE'S NEWS

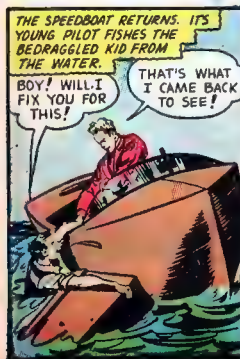
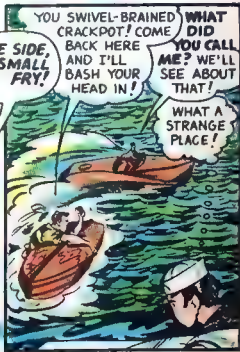
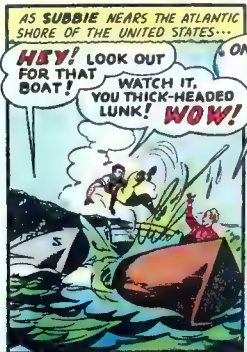
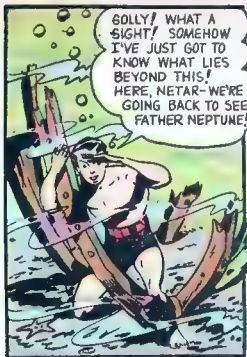
UP FROM THE DEPTHS OF
THE OCEAN COMES—
THE SON OF THE SEA,
FATHER NEPTUNE'S OWN NEPHEW!

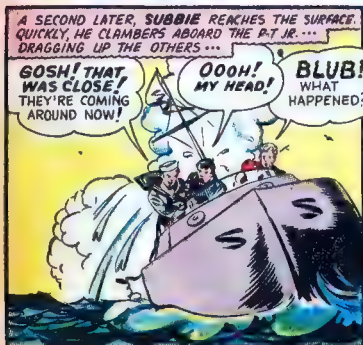
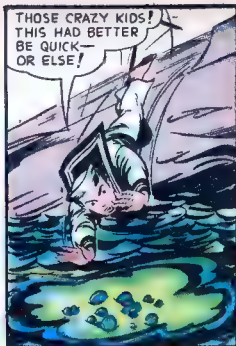
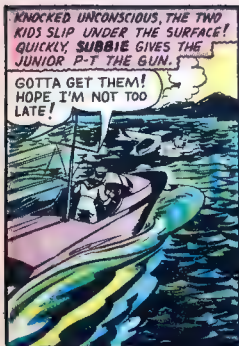
— SUBBIE —

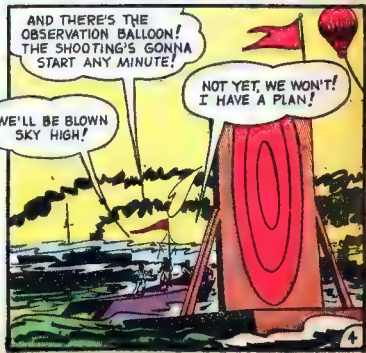
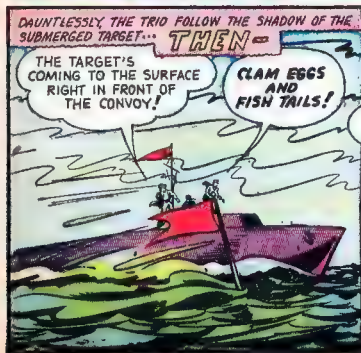
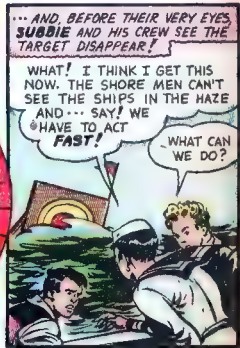
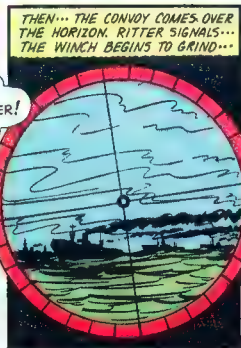
HE ZOOMS ALONG IN HIS P.T. BOAT,
ON THE CREST OF HIGH-PITCHED
EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE,
HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE PORT
OF YOUR AFFECTIONS!

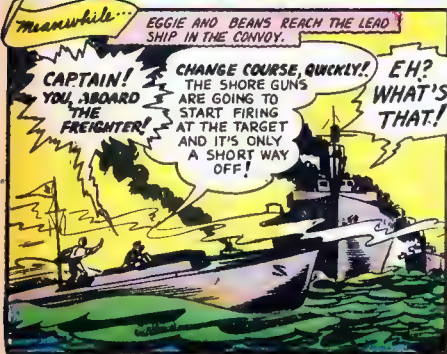
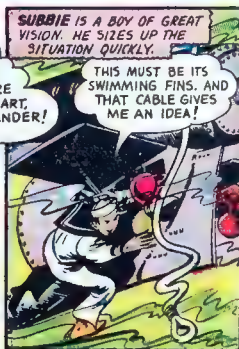
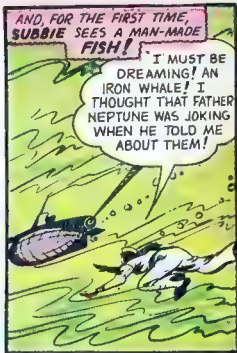
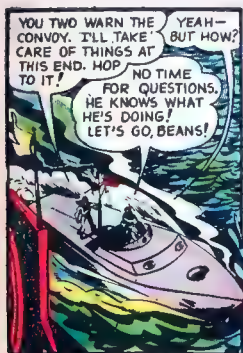
SUBBIE

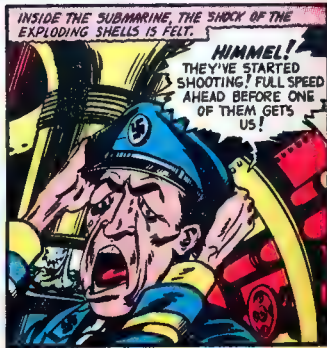
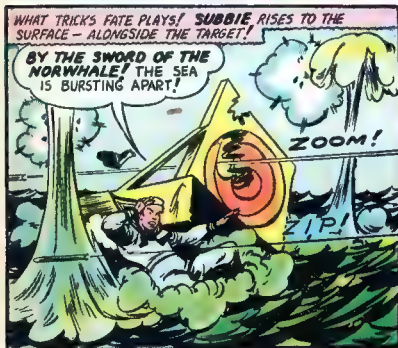
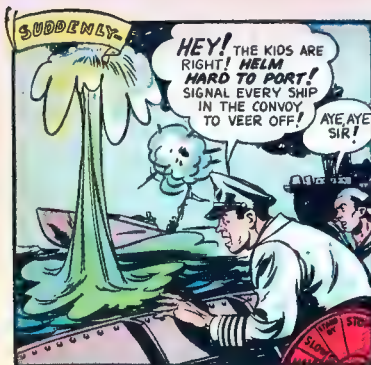
THE SEA-GOING LAD!

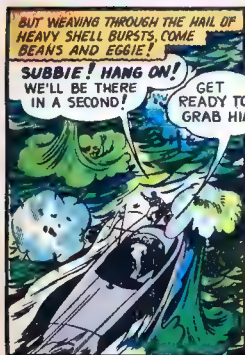












BUT WEAVING THROUGH THE HAIL OF HEAVY SHELL BURSTS, COME BEANS AND EGGIE!

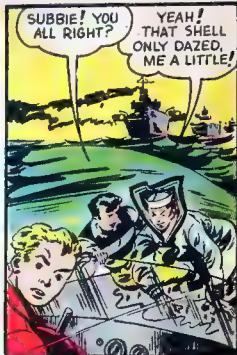
SUBBIE! HANG ON! WE'LL BE THERE IN A SECOND!

GET READY TO GRAB HIM!



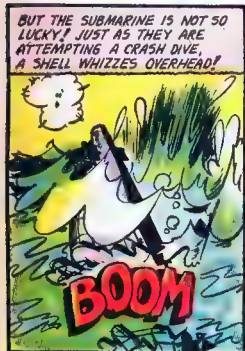
AS EGGIE DRAWS THE BOAT IN, BEANS REACHES OUT...

O.K.! GET MOVING-FAST! I HAVE HIM!



SUBBIE! YOU ALL RIGHT?

YEAH! THAT SHELL ONLY DAZED, ME A LITTLE!



BUT THE SUBMARINE IS NOT SO LUCKY! JUST AS THEY ARE ATTEMPTING A CRASH DIVE, A SHELL WHIZZES OVERHEAD!

BOOM



LOOK! A DARK SPLATCH ON THE WATER!

AN OIL SLICK! A SHELL MUST'VE GOT THE SUB!

THAT MAKES EVERYTHING PERFECT!



A BURST OF SPEED--AND THE JUNIOR P-T CATCHES UP WITH THE CONVOY! A ROPE LADDER GOES OVER THE SIDE...

HERE, COME THE BOYS!

GIVE THEM A CHEER, MEN! THEY SAVED THE CONVOY!



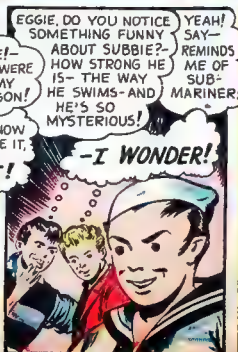
NO SOONER ARE THEY ABOARD THAN ALL EYES ARE TURNED TOWARD THE TARGET

THERE SHE GOES!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL SHOOTING!

IMAGINE!-- IF THAT WERE AN ENEMY BATTLEWAGON!

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DONE IT, ... BUT HE DONE IT!



EGGIE, DO YOU NOTICE SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT SUBBIE?-- HOW STRONG HE IS-- THE WAY HE SWIMS--AND MARINER! HE'S SO MYSTERIOUS!

YEAH! SAY-- REMINDS ME OF SUB-MARINER!

--I WONDER!

WHO IS THIS LIKELY LAD?

REMINDS YOU ALSO, OF THE Sub-Mariner? UM... WE WONDER!

WHOEVER HE IS... WHEREVER HE'S GONE... WHATEVER HE'S DOING...

HE'LL BE HERE IN THE NEXT ISSUE WITH A NEW, NOVEL, DIFFERENT, SALTY YARN!

SUBBIE

BREEZY AND HIS GLIDER PATROL

OH, BREEZY,
IT LOOKS
WONDERFUL!

RIGHT! NOW
IF IT WILL ONLY
FLY AS WELL
AS IT
LOOKS!

I'LL GET THE CAR -- HOP IN, BREEZY! THE HONOR IS ALL YOURS!

INTRODUCING BREEZY COLLINS
AND HIS GLIDER PATROL ...
THREE REAL AMERICAN BOYS
AND A GIRL ... AND ALL
INTERESTED IN AVIATION ...
WE FIND THEM NOW ... AFTER
JUST FINISHING THEIR
LATEST GLIDER!

By RAY GILL and BOB CHISNER

I'N A FEW MOMENTS THE TOWLINE IS ATTACHED ... AND BREEZY IS AT THE CONTROLS ...

**OKAY!
LET'S GO!**

**WE'RE
OFF!**

YAHOO!
HERE WE GO!

BOY! SHE
SOARS LIKE
AN EAGLE!

AND NOW, WHILE BREEZY
LEARNS ALL ABOUT HIS NEW
GLIDER, LET'S FIND OUT ABOUT
BREEZY AND HIS GANG!

BREEZY COLLINS ...

A TYPICAL AVIATION-MINDED
AMERICAN BOY!



WILLIAM COLLINS...
BREEZY'S DAD -- A
SKILLED AIRCRAFT
MECHANIC!



WINGS WEST...
THE HEAVY OF THE
PATROL -- A CAPABLE
GLIDER PILOT!



NAILS NELSON...
THE PATROL'S NEWEST
RECRUIT -- READS ALL
THE BOOKS ON AVIATION
HE CAN FIND!



JANICE JONES...
SHE HAS AN INTENSE
INTEREST IN FLYING
-- AS WELL AS IN
BREEZY!

THE GLIDER PATROL!

DEDICATED TO THE BRIGHT FUTURE OF AVIATION!
IT IS GROUPS LIKE THIS THAT YIELD THE
SKY BLAZERS OF TOMORROW!



... BACK TO BREEZY ... THE SUN IS ALMOST DOWN
AND THE HELPFUL UPDRAFT THERMALS ARE NOT STRONG
ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN A LONG FLIGHT...

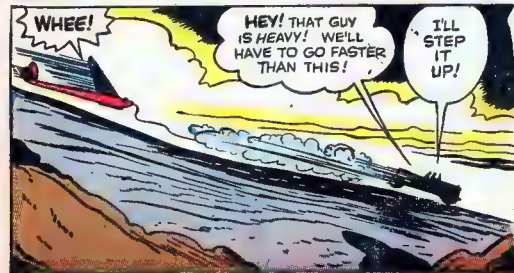
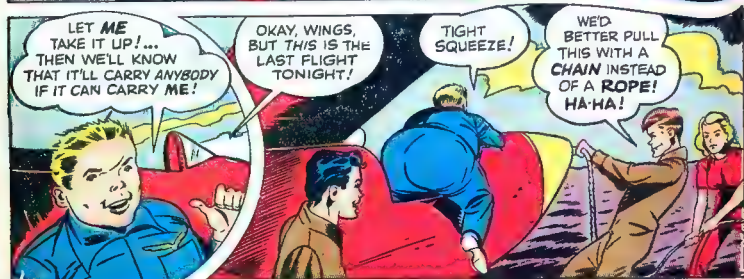
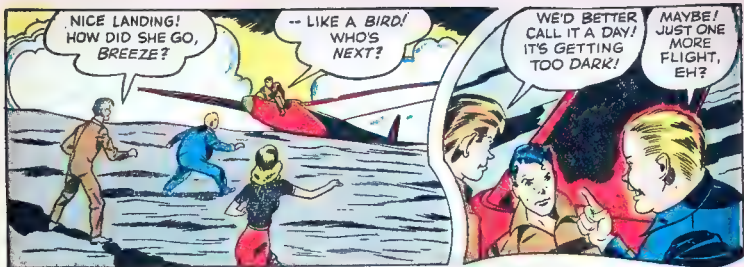
NOW FOR
A LANDING!

GEE, BREEZY
CAN MAKE THOSE
THINGS ALMOST
THINK!

AH ... LOVE!
... IT MUST
BE
WUNNERFUL!

HA-HA!
CUT IT OUT,
NAILS! YOU
KILL ME!





ABOUT A MILE FURTHER ON...

THAT HIPPO -- PLUS
THESE EVENING
DOWN-DRAFTS IS
KEEPING THAT
PLANE DOWN,
NAILS!

YEAH!
BUT WE
CAN'T STOP
NOW! WE'D
CRASH
US!

THIS IS
ALL SHE'S
GOT,
PAL!

GOOD!
KEEP YOUR
FOOT DOWN!
-- SHE'S
GOING
UP!

LET 'ER RIP!
I'M FLYIN'!

SUDDENLY...

BREEZY!
LOOK!
SOMETHING'S
ON THE ROAD!
I CAN'T
STOP!

HIMMEL!

THEY
CRASH INTO A
GROUP OF DETOUR
MARKERS! ...

CRASH!

DETOUR

OHhhh!
WHAT A
MESS!

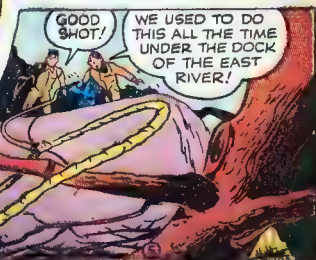
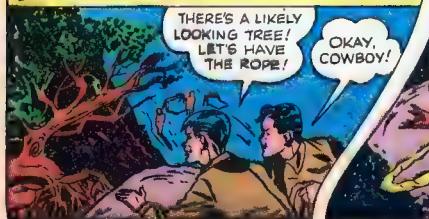
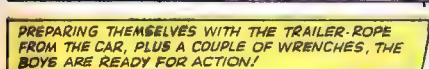
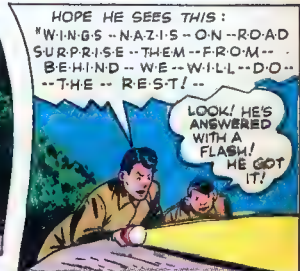
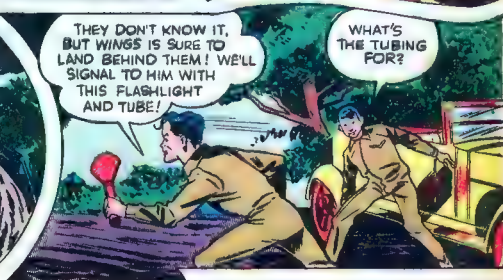
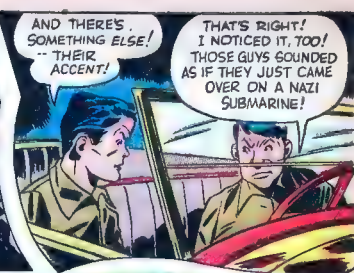
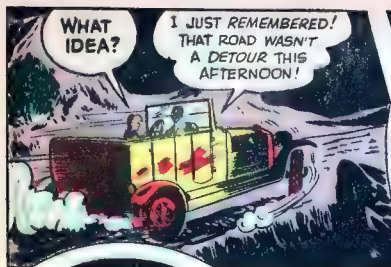
ACH! LUNKHEADS!
CAN'T YOU SEE THIS
ROAD IS **CLOSED**!

HURRY UP! GET
YOUR CAR OFF
THIS ROAD!

KEEP YOUR
SHIRT ON!
WE'RE
GOING!

GEE, BREEZY!
I'M SORRY ABOUT
HITTIN' THAT STUFF!
BUT I DIDN'T SEE
IT -- DID YOU?

NO, I ... HEY!
I THINK I
HAVE AN
IDEA!



MEANWHILE, WINGS...

I DON'T GET IT...
BUT IF THEY'RE NAZIS... AND
I'M SUPPOSED TO
DISTRACT THEM

HEY,
THERE!

ACH--

?

OKAY, BREEZY!
HERE GOES!

WHOOO000!

GIVE IT
TO 'EM!

I'M
GIVING!

DOFFF!

NICE WORK,
FELLAS!

BOP!

DET

WINGS! DID YOU
SEE ANYTHING ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF
THE BARRICADE?

NOTHING
EXCEPT A
COUPLE OF
GOAL POSTS...

WINGS SHOWS THEM HIS "GOAL POSTS" ...

GOLLY! THIS IS A
PICK-UP POST! A PLANE
CAN SWOOP OVER HERE
AND PICK UP A PACKAGE
WITHOUT STOPPING!

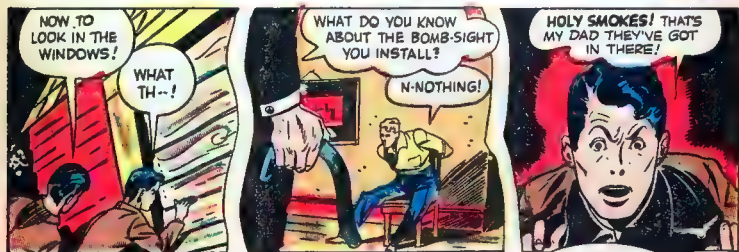
OH-OH!
SOMETHIN'
SMELLS!
AN' IT AIN'T
DAISIES!

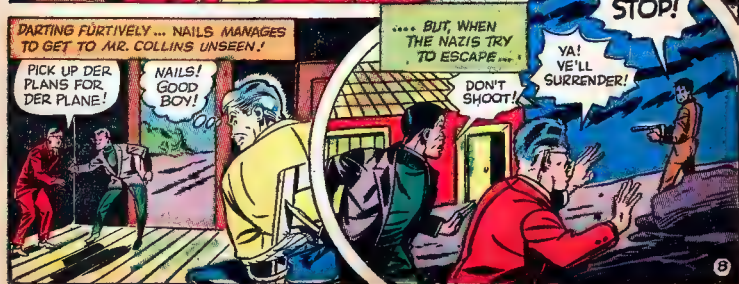
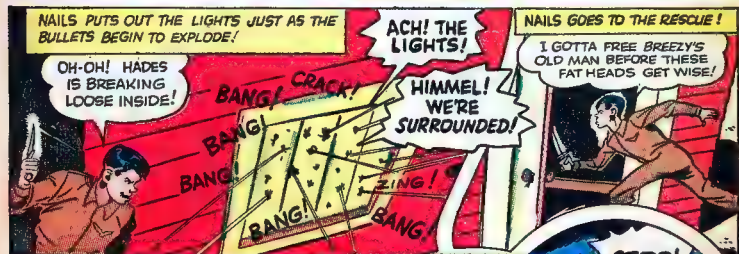
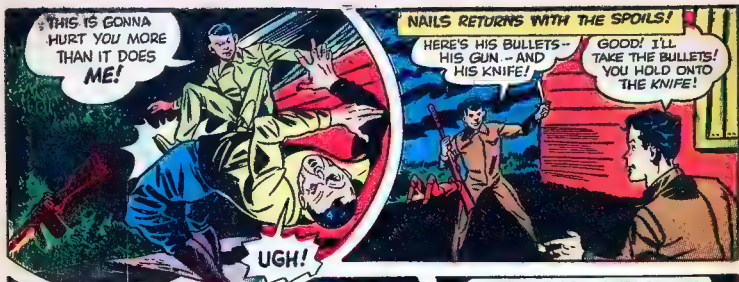
LISTEN! THESE
BABIES MUST HAVE
SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO
SEND OFF IF THEY GO TO SUCH
EXTREME MEASURES! WHATEVER
IT IS, IT'S UP TO US TO FIND OUT
... AND STOP IT!

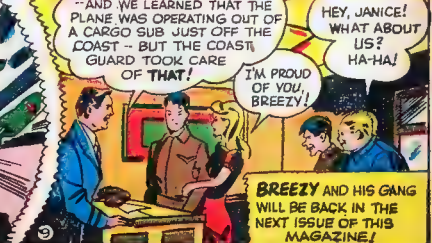
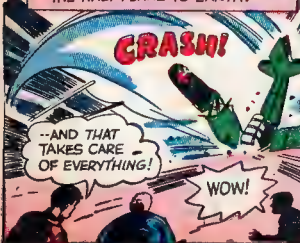
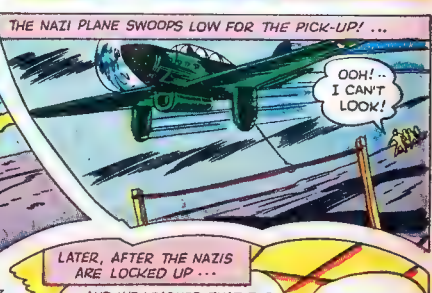
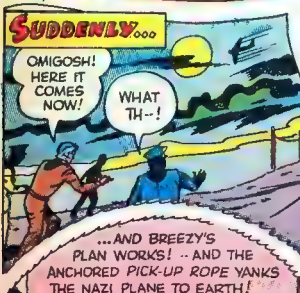
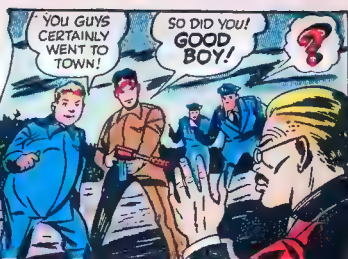
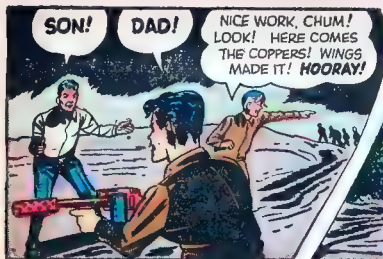
WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!
WINGS, YOU HOP INTO THE GLIDER!
NAILS AND I WILL PUSH YOU OFF THE
CLIFF! WHEN YOU LAND IN TOWN,
GET THE POLICE UP HERE AS
FAST AS YOU CAN!

RIGHT!
NO TIME
TO BE
SCARED...
I GUESS!



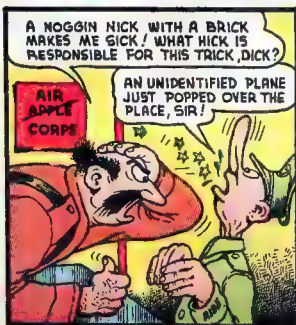
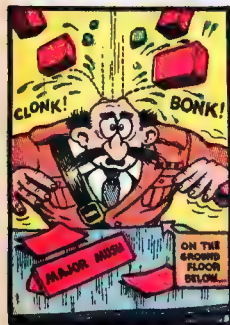
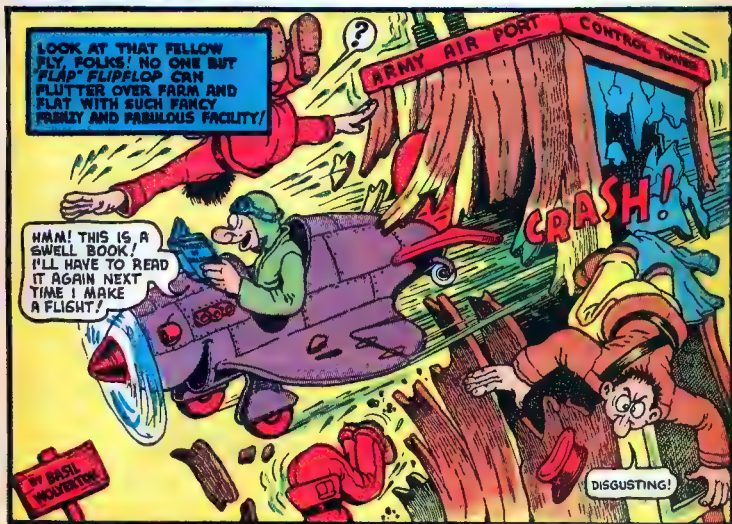


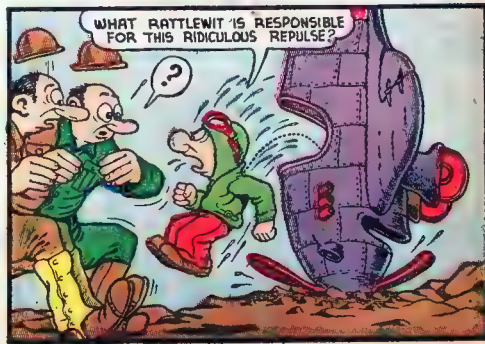
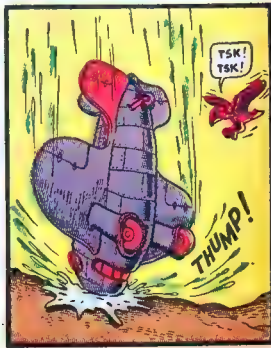
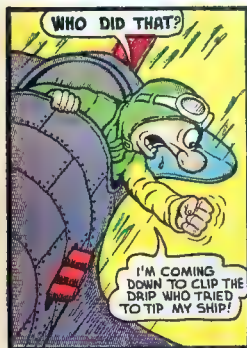
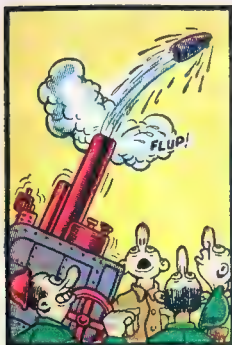


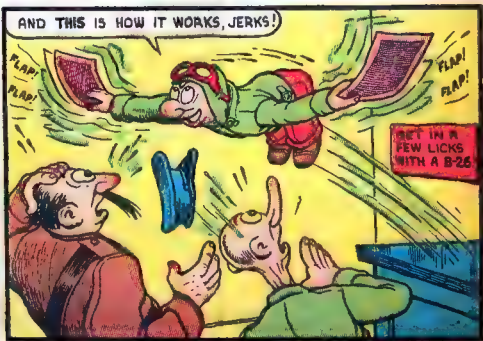
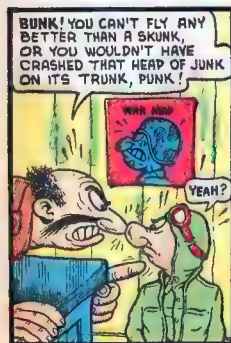


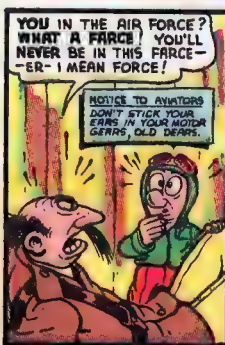
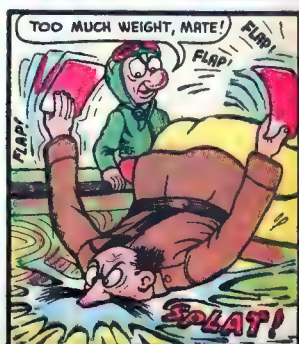
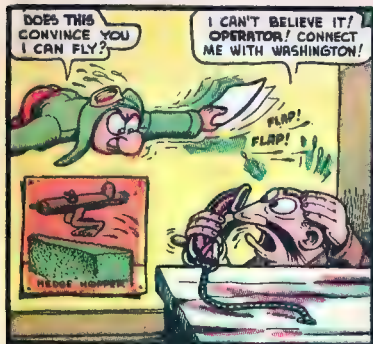
"FLAP" FLIPFLOP

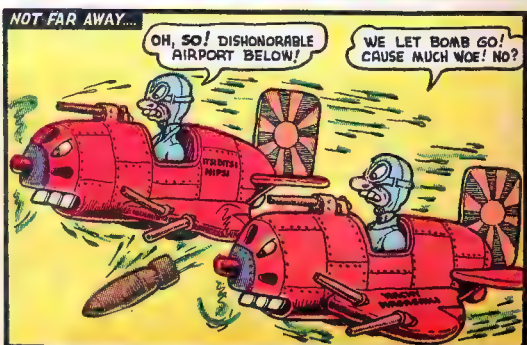
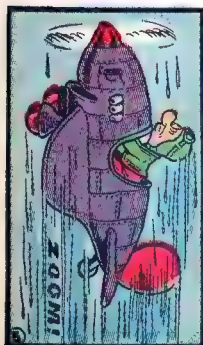
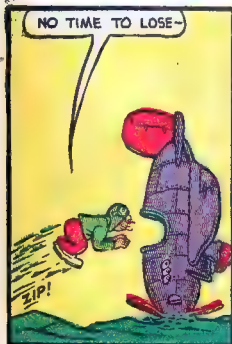
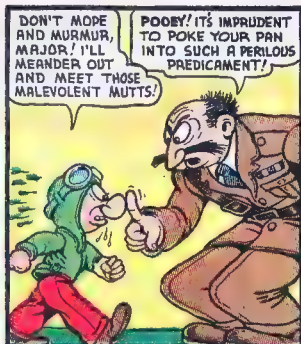
THE FLYING FLASH

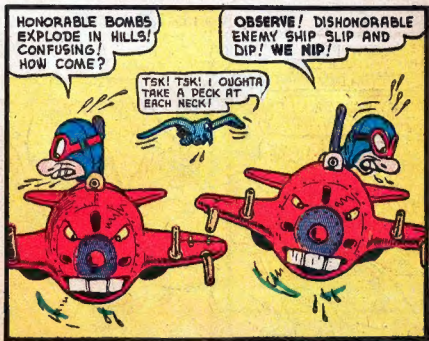
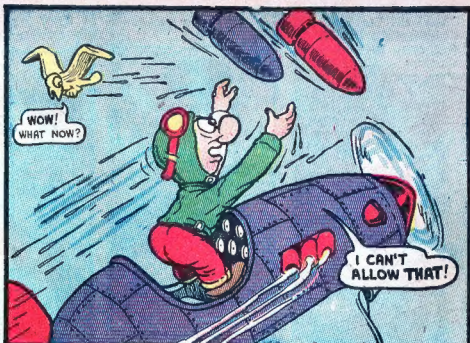


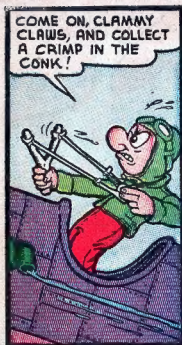










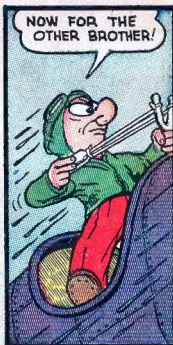


COME ON, CLAMMY CLAWS, AND COLLECT A CRIMP IN THE CONK!



HELP, I YELD!

WHACK!

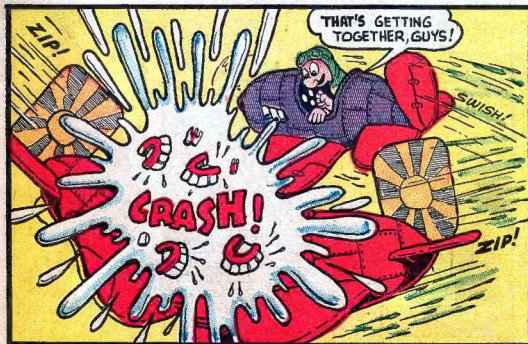


NOW FOR THE OTHER BROTHER!



OW! SUFFERING SONS OF THE SINKING SUN! I'M SUNK!

SPLAT!



THAT'S GETTING TOGETHER, GUYS!

SWISH!

ZIP!



LOVELY! THAT LITTLE LUNATIC LAID 'EM LOW!

STAY ALIVE!
NEVER DIVE AT A B-25!



LATER....

HOORAY FOR THE LITTLE LOU WITH THE BIG SNUIT!

THAT WART SAVED THE AIRPORT, MORT!

SOME SPORT, I RETORT!

NOW DO I GET TO JOIN UP, MAJOR?

SURE! I KNEW ALL ALONG YOU HAD WHAT IT TAKES! I'LL MAKE YOU FIRST LIEUTENANT RIGHT AWAY!



THE FIRST LIEUTENANT! IMAGINE THAT! AND I THOUGHT THE AIR FORCE ALREADY HAD AT LEAST TWO, BECAUSE I HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT A SECOND LIEUTENANT!

DON'T FAIL TO FOLLOW "FLAP" FLIPFLOP AND HIS FURIOUS FLYING IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!

Tops!

**THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!**



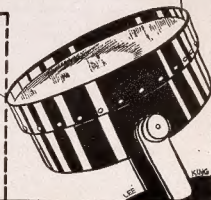
HEY, KIDS! **EVERY** **CAPTAIN AMERICA** **MONTH**

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS
OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL
BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY
TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY AND STATE _____



New DAISY Play Guns READY

BANG BANG
BANG



-FAST AS YOU
CAN WORK IT!

★ HARMLESS!

- ★ Military Gun Sling
- ★ Fast Pump Action
- ★ A Repeater
- ★ "Bang!" Noise
- ★ Genuine Daisy Quality and Durability

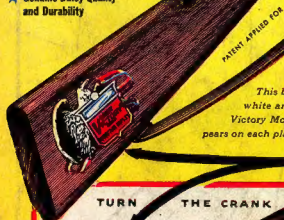
\$1.19
Plus 6c Postage

Duty Added in Canada



DAISY COMMANDO Repeating PLAY GUN

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 6c for postage—handling direct to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!)



This beautiful red, white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crest appears on each play gun stock



TURN THE CRANK

RAT TAT - TAT - A - TAT
RAT - TAT - TAT - A
TAT - TAT



PATENT APPLIED FOR

DAISY CHATTERMATIC

89¢ TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gun go "Rat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now! If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89c plus 11c for postage—handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

Plus 11c Postage
Duty Added in Canada

TO BOYS OF AIR RIFLE AGE:

Your Daisy Dealer may have some Daisy Air Rifles in stock. Tell DAD you want one for Christmas... suggest he buy it right now from the Dealer—because no more Daisy Air Rifles will be manufactured during the war. Daisy is TOO busy making war products for Victory.

Attention PARENTS!

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. They are made of wood on machines not needed for war production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of a-c-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, and quality. Order DIRECT from us.



DAISY PLAY GUNS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 881 UNION ST., DEPT. 3, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

